THE LIVING AGE.

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LOST ARGOSIES.

The days of youth are sunk behind thee now,
Galleons that sailed so proud and fair and free
On far, dim stretches of life's stormy sea,
Laden with untold wealth from stern to prow:
Enchanted Pegasus, the Golden Bough,
The Magic Apples gathered on the shore
Of faery bays that thou shalt see no more,
Youth's ecstasy and love's first, trembling vow . . . .
"Gone! gone!" thy cry; "All, all for ever lost!"
And weeping, all regretfully dost try
To stretch thy finite senses for reply
To futile tasks of counting up the cost.

Weep not, for thou shalt see them by and by
Sail into Port beneath a cloudless sky.

Enid Dauncey.

The Athenæum.

BEETHAM.

Over the hill lives Stephanie Platt,
Over the hill in Beetham.
Ask me where, and I'll show you the house,
(Little thatched house of Stephanie Platt),
Four stone walls as gray as a mouse,
And a garden patch where the bees carouse!
Naught I know if I know not that,
Beetham dust on my Sabbath hat,
And a rose that nodded the window at
Of Stephanie Platt in Beetham!

Coy but kind is Stephanie Platt:
Sabbaths are sweet in Beetham!
What were the thoughts would visit a lad
Going to church with Stephanie Platt?
Sitting in church with his heart so glad
At the lovesome blush that her two cheeks had?
Naught I know if I know not that,
For though Parson pattered his prayers, I gat
No nigher Heaven than where I sat,
By Stephanie Platt in Beetham!

Judith Beamsley.

The Bookman.

I WENT TO PLUCK A FLOW'R.

I went to pluck a flow'r,
To send it to my love,
But no bloom could I find
Perfect enough and fair
To set among her hair,
Or where the laces bind
Her bosom, or above
Her heart to lie an hour.

And so my choice prefers
An unpretentious bloom,
A simple meadow weed,
A humble, blue-eyed thing:
Like the weak praise I sing,
It is to intercede
For one whose sighs presume
To beauties such as hers.

And when my offering
She sees, and reads my rhyme,
She'll gently put it by,
She'll ponder for a while:
Then smile a little smile,
And sigh a little sigh,
And wonder that old Time
Has such a leaden wing.

W. de la Mare.

The Westminster Gazette.

POOR KINGS.

God's pity on poor kings,
They know no gentle rest;
The North and South cry out,
Cries come from East and West—
"Come, open this new Dock,
Building, Bazaar or Fair."
Lord, what a wretched life
Such men must bear.

They're followed, watched and spied,
No liberty they know;
Some eye will watch them still,
No matter where they go.
When in green lanes I muse,
Alone, and hear birds sing,
God's pity then, say I,
On some poor king.

W. H. Davies.

THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Mexican situation confronts, or must soon confront, the United States with a military problem of a more formidable character than any it has been called upon to face since the Civil War. One cannot foresee precisely how or when intervention on a big scale will take place. One can only be sure that in spite of all attempts at mediation, of President Wilson's sincere but awkward efforts to save the Mexicans from themselves, and of a general distaste among the American people for the undertaking that lies ahead of them, intervention in the long run will prove the sole alternative to an indefinite state of anarchy. And though the actual amount of fighting to be done may not be very serious, still to invade, occupy, and hold down a country of fifteen million people and some seven hundred and fifty thousand square miles is not a small enterprise for any Army. Even if things take the happiest possible turn—and they have a knack of being kindly when Americans go to war—even if diplomacy does not run ahead of military preparations, even if the invasion of Mexico can be successfully represented as a war of liberation rather than of aggression, and the Mexicans can be kept divided among themselves and large numbers of them induced to remain neutral or actively side with the invaders from the north, not less than a quarter of a million of men will probably be needed to seize the four or five widely separated strategical points, to overcome whatever armed resistance may be offered, to put down brigandage, to guard the lines, and to enforce conditions of order and security. That is the basis on which the United States General Staff has been shaping its plans ever since Diaz fell; and it involves the creation of a striking force of at least 120,000 men for the initial series of movements, and the organization behind it of another force as large, if not larger, to make good the inevitable wastage and to carry on the work of pacification. I need hardly say that the Regular Army is not prepared, and was never intended to be prepared, for warfare on this scale. Its actual strength at this moment is just under 80,000 men, of whom only about 54,000 are serving in the United States, the rest being engaged in the outlying American possessions, where few of them could be spared. Of these 54,000 about 14,000 belong to the coast and garrison artillery, and are not instantly available for foreign service. It seems doubtful, therefore, whether the United States could place as many as 45,000 Regulars in the field within six weeks of the outbreak of war. The remainder of the army of invasion would have to be raised from the State Militia, who number on paper about 120,000, but whose organization and equipment are defective and whose military efficiency is a somewhat doubtful quantity—they are probably rather below than above the standard of our own Territorials—and from Volunteers who would of course be abundantly forthcoming, but who would need time to learn their business. A small Regular Army serving as the nucleus for a much larger war force of citizen soldiers is, however, part of the traditional policy of the United States in matters of military organization, and there is not the least reason for thinking it will fail to answer such demands as may be made upon it in Mexico.

It gives me almost a shock to reflect that during some years of residence in the United States I have hardly ever set eyes on an American Regular. Many millions of Americans after a

lifetime in the country could probably say the same. On that vast continent the national Army, only 25,000 strong before the war with Spain and even now some twenty per cent below its legal maximum of 100,000, is swallowed up, lost sight of, and forgotten. Nor is it merely its smallness that makes it inconspicuous. It is distributed on a system that removes it far from the main avenues of trade and travel. The average citizen, the average visitor, has hardly a chance of coming in contact with it, scattered as it is in some fifty posts over twenty-four different States and territories. How so extraordinary a grouping came into existence is easily explained. After the Civil War the American people saw no need for a standing army. Secure in their own invulnerability and innocent of all aggressive designs, they retained a few regiments at various points in the great territory west of the Mississippi to watch over the Indians, ensure the safe conduct of mails and passengers, and maintain order in the frontier districts. The frontier since then has been pushed to the Pacific, the Indian troubles have disappeared, and all strategical justification for the retention of these petty isolated outposts has vanished. Nevertheless they have been kept in being and in use by the power of local pressure and vested interests. An Army station once established became the nucleus of a settlement; the settlement expanded into a community; and every dealer and trader and contractor in the neighborhood quickly persuaded himself that his livelihood was bound up with the maintenance of the garrison in his own particular locality. A memorandum by the Secretary of War, dated the 25th of January 1912, gives a list of fourteen Army posts "which have been located in their present situations for reasons which are now totally obsolete"; of ten which owed their existence to "purely local" considerations; of eleven which were originally placed where they are with reference to possible clashes with the Indians; and of twenty-five which ought to be abandoned in the interests of efficient concentration.

Since the Spanish War and the military awakening of the United States, and especially since the institution in 1903 of a General Staff to work out the national military problem as a whole, more than one Secretary of War has striven to cut down these multitudinous non-tactical units and import some cohesion and rationality into the distribution of the Army. But political influences, the frenzied outcries of the threatened localities, an utter absence of any knowledge of the principles of military organization in Congress, and until recently, it must be added, the backwardness of the Army itself in realizing its own shortcomings, have hitherto blocked all efforts at reform. Not only have these futile stations, or the great majority of them, been retained, but Congress in the past ten years has spent some 8,000,000*l.* in constructing new ones and altering, enlarging, and repairing old ones. The typical Army post in the West is an affair of elaborate buildings standing in a park-like reservation that frequently runs to many thousands of acres, with miles of sidewalks, roads, mains, and conduits, with its own water and light supplies, and every department housed in a separate structure. Well over 20,000,000*l.* has been sunk in these egregious establishments, and the sums squandered on them are, of course, used as a practical argument against their abandonment, while the necessity of finding quarters for the troops returned from the Philippines and Hawaii has urged the authorities to fresh and larger outlays. It is not easy to conceive how money could be more effectively wasted. Some of these

posts date from the War of the Revolution; others were erected as temporary cantonments for troops during the war of 1812; some again are relics of the Mexican War; and others, as I have said, were built to protect the Western settlers against Indian depredations. But all, or practically all, are alike in the extreme paucity of their reference to modern strategic and tactical needs. That is to say, they are not stationed in the regions most susceptible to invasion on the North Atlantic and Pacific Coasts; or in the western mining districts where, as Colorado has once more been proving, turbulence and disorder have still to be guarded against; or near the ports from which they would have to embark to garrison American possessions in the Pacific or to enforce American policies among the Republics that fringe the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. The guarding of the coast towns and of the Canadian and Mexican frontiers, on the other hand, is done tolerably well, but the present Chief of the Staff, General Wotherspoon, estimates that from seventy to seventy-five per cent of the mobile Army of the United States spends the whole of its time "far from the points where its services would ever be required."

Another drawback to this method of distribution is its expense. Nearly all the Army posts are situated, as though some military maniac had set to and made them a compendium of all possible defects, at vast distances from the centres of population, manufacture, and cheap supplies.

Men have to be enlisted in the populous areas and shifted to and from distant regions at great expense; the larger part of the supplies have to be manufactured or purchased in and shifted from these same populous regions to the distant Western stations over railroads whose freight rates, at least west of the Mississippi, are much higher than they are in the north-eastern populous sections of the country.

These are the words of the new Chief of the Staff, who further calculates that the *per capita* cost of the Regular Army amounts to about 300*l.* a year. An estimate was recently made by the Quartermaster General's office of the cost of one of the cheapest infantry regimental posts in the United States. Even omitting the price of the land and the money spent on officers' quarters, it was found that the mere construction of the station ran into over 200,000*l.*, that 4000*l.* a year was required for maintenance and upkeep, and that as the post only sheltered 850 enlisted men the expenditure on housing and repairs amounted to 240*l.* per man. At the same time it was reckoned that under the European system of barracks the regiment could have been quartered at an original cost of less than 100,000*l.*, with an annual charge of 1,000*l.* for upkeep, or a saving of about 120*l.* on each private. In general, and apart from all other deficiencies, it has been calculated that the original cost of the American establishment has been over twice as high, and the annual charge for maintenance over four times as high, as it need have been. These and the isolation and remoteness of the stations themselves are the main reasons why the United States Government spends from 20,000,000*l.* to 22,000,000*l.* a year on its Army of 80,000 men. One thinks of America as predominantly a commercial and non-military nation. Yet since the foundation of the Republic over half the revenues of the Government has gone in wars and pensions to the amount of well over 2,000,000,000*l.*

A further objection to the present system of grandiose military parks is that their care and administration absorb an abnormal percentage of the time of both officers and men. "Property," says one of the few American

publicists who devote any attention to military matters, "takes precedence over proficiency in the United States Army, and the field officers are compelled to pay more attention to buildings than to troops." It has been estimated that 50 per cent of the strength of any given garrison is frittered away every day of the year on non-military details connected with the upkeep of the post.

The recruit [says the writer I have just quoted] who enlists to be taught the duties of a soldier finds to his disgust that military instruction makes the least demand on his time. Instead of being schooled in the attributes of a soldier, he is kept employed as a carpenter, painter, gardener, or general tinker.

His evidence is amply confirmed by the testimony of the highest military authorities in the country.

Not only [says the present Chief of the Staff] is the original cost of these establishments, particularly when constructed, as many of them are, at great distances from sources of building material and supplies, very great, and the cost of maintenance very great in money, but the fighting branches of the Army suffer serious injury in their efficiency, training and morale, inasmuch as the greater part of the care of the posts devolves upon soldiers who are for this purpose taken away from their military training to police and beautify the grounds, dispose of refuse, drive the teams, and assist in maintaining the post in a satisfactory manner.

The judgment of the late Chief of Staff, General Leonard Wood, the ablest soldier and the most competent brain in the American Army, is to the same effect.

The development of the posts into splendid parks completed the absorption of the Army, and converted its garrisons largely into laborers and watchmen. In this way the strength of the Army—the military force which the people of the United States believe they have to-day—was dissipated. It was, so to speak, split up into companies of walk-cleaners, battalions of lawn-mowers, and regiments of patrolmen. Our antique method of doing guard duty, which would be discarded at once on the outbreak of war, focussed the attention and apprehension of the soldier more than any military training which he received. Fully half of the time and energy of our garrisons was taken up by work unnecessary and useless from a military view. From the commander of a post to the last common soldier, the thousand petty details of housekeeping and landscape-gardening crowded out, and still crowd out, the work of training for war.

Yet in the absence of an informed military opinion in and out of Congress, and so long as everything conspires to sacrifice the Army to local political and commercial interests, there is little hope of any drastic reduction of these costly superfluities. Senators and Congressmen seize upon the construction, enlargement, and maintenance of Army posts as a means of distributing money from the Federal Treasury among their constituents. In the same way they promote special pension bills, river and harbor bills, public building bills, for the benefit of their own particular localities and supporters. The whole wretched system hangs together, and Congressman A, if he were to vote against the creation or extension of an Army post in Congressman B's sphere of influence, would have to be prepared for the latter's opposition when his own turn came to ask for Federal money on behalf of some project favored by his constituents. A State that is fortunate enough to have one of its members the Chairman of the Committee on Military Expenditure in the House or the Senate may be sure of abundant appropriations for Army stations. Take the case of Fort D. A. Russell in Wyoming. It was built in 1867 as a protection against the Indians, and from then to 1906 not more

than 188,000*l.* had been spent on it. But in or about the latter year one of the Senators from Wyoming became Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and within the next five years nearly 800,000*l.* was devoted to a post that had long lost whatever strategic or tactical value it had ever possessed, and ought to have been demolished a generation ago.

The United States Army, then, is distributed among some fifty posts in twenty-four States and Territories. Thirty-one of these posts have a capacity for less than a regiment each; only six have a capacity for more than a regiment; and only one has a capacity for a brigade. The average strength of each post is nine companies—the American company at full war strength contains 150 men, and in peace only 65 men—and the average number of men at each post is therefore a little over 600. The largest detachment at any one place is less than 2500 men. It scarcely needs the emphatic and reiterated condemnation of this piecemeal division and sub-division of the Army by successive Chiefs of the Staff to convince one of its incompatibility with even the elements of sound military training.

The American Army [said the late Secretary of War] has no tactical organization at all. Its men have no opportunity to learn the war game as a matter of team play between the different arms. Its infantry, cavalry, and artillery have no opportunity to work in the harmonious unison which modern war requires. Its higher officers receive no training in the handling of large forces of troops. The time and energy of both men and officers is largely wasted on non-military matters of administrative detail involved in the upkeep of so many expensive posts. Soldiers spend their time in watching property, officers in keeping accounts, instead of learning the art of war. And as a result we have produced a scattered police force, instead of a highly trained body of Regulars which should be the striking arm of the Republic in case of need.

Even company drill, owing to the diversion of nearly half of the men to non-military duties, is difficult; while the opportunities for the instruction of battalions are meagre, of regiments exceedingly indifferent, of brigades all but, and of divisions absolutely, non-existent. Taking an infantry division on a war footing as 20,000 strong, the United States ought to be able to place four divisions in the field. It cannot, in fact, place one. When President Taft in 1911 ordered a concentration of one division near the Mexican border it took three months to bring it even up to two thirds of its full war strength. And the troops thus assembled had never had any training as parts of a division; none of the officers had ever commanded a division; few had ever seen one.

The concentration at San Antonio [wrote General Wood] demonstrated conclusively our helplessness to meet with trained troops any sudden emergency, unless an adequate reserve, from which our skeleton organizations can be filled up, is provided in time of peace.

It is not the least astonishing feature of the American military organization that it makes no provision for reserves. It belongs to the eighteenth-century type of a permanent standing army in which the men are enlisted for three-year periods, and large, though, as we shall see, inadequate inducements of extra pay are offered for re-enlistment, but to which there is attached no reserve whatever of trained men. It is a curious system, if only because it involves an increasing investment of money in a man whose military efficiency is progressively on the decrease. But it has far greater disadvantages than that. The American Army is maintained in times of

peace with a full complement of officers—many of whom are engaged on "detached duty," away from and out of touch with the troops they would be expected to lead in war—but with less than half its proper quota of enlisted men. The idea is that these miniature companies shall be raised to full strength on the outbreak of war. To send them to the front as they are is to face the certainty that the losses of the first few engagements would put them entirely out of action. The usual course is to fill up the ranks with perfectly raw recruits. The result is, in the words of the late Secretary of War, that:

our first line of national defence in case of a sudden war, instead of being a highly trained regular army prepared to withstand the enemy's onset, while our militia and volunteers were being organized, would be a hybrid force whose ranks, if they could be filled at all, would contain over 50 per cent of untrained men.

Only the creation of an organized reserve can mitigate this fundamental shortcoming.

What adds to the seriousness of the situation is that only about 12 per cent of the enlisted personnel re-enlist at the end of their three years' service, and that of these a considerable majority are non-commissioned officers or members of the staff departments. Graver still, there is an unceasing stream of desertions. In the past ten years 46,000 men have deserted; in 1912 the proportion of desertions to enlistments was 9 per cent; in 1913 it rose to the unparalleled figure of 17 per cent. It has been reckoned that through discharges, expiration of service, desertions, and other causes a loss of from 25 to 35 per cent of the total enlisted strength is suffered by the American Army every year. And that means more than is contained in the bare statement that about 50 per cent of the enlisted personnel are at all times either raw recruits or but partly trained men, and that only about one private in five can be said to be a really trained soldier. It means that the American Army, as at present constituted and administered, while it attracts, fails on acquaintance to hold, the average American who might be expected to furnish the bulk of the rank and file. Why is this? Why is it that nearly 5000 Americans every year are willing to risk the heavy penalties attached to desertion rather than stay with the Colors and that so few of the seasoned men re-enlist? Some of the reasons I have already hinted at. They are to be found in the loneliness and monotony of life at the posts and in the dreary, futile round of non-military duties thrust upon the recruit. But many other causes must also be at work. The young American, for one thing, does not take readily to the restrictions and subordinations, the discipline and red tape, of military life. Again while the American private with his twelve shillings and sixpence a week is more highly paid than the rank and file of any other Army in the world, he is poorly paid when compared with the standard of wages in civil life in his own country. It has been said, and with a tolerable approach to accuracy, that "The lowest and most ignorant class of negro labor is better paid than the private soldier in the Army"; and it would certainly appear to be the case that, in spite of the increase in the cost of living, his pay remains what it was over forty years ago. Moreover, life in the American Army means not only hard but for the most part uninteresting work; drill and practice marches and fatigue duties are, if anything, overdone in the long hours between reveille at 5.30 A. M. and the roll-call at ten at night; even West Point does not invariably turn out officers with the knack of handling men and a judicious sense of

their own limitations; discipline is stern, and the punishments meted out by courts-martial are often almost archaic in their severity; and the abolition of the canteen has destroyed what used to be from the recruit's standpoint one of the few redeeming features of Army post life. Moreover, there are Americans, and Army officers at that, who maintain that a fertile source of discontent is to be found in the civilian's attitude toward the soldier.

The mere fact [one of them has written] that a man is in the United States uniform is an indication to the public that he is of an inferior class; a hireling, of bad character and worse habits, a mark for contempt, and a man to be shunned in public and vilified in private, and one who has sacrificed his self-respect and independence by enlisting. There is no lack of incidents of soldiers being forbidden public amusement places while in uniform, or plainly shown that their presence is not desired, nor any dearth of incidents where they have been subject to insults and jeers on the streets, either as individuals or as organizations. The Army is looked upon generally as a place where tough boys can be disciplined, or perhaps as a "reform school" upon a grand scale.

I cannot of my own knowledge endorse this picture, but that there exists in time of peace an extraordinary popular indifference to the Army and the blankest ignorance of its real condition and needs, that the Army is far too much a thing alien to and apart from the life of the nation, and that anyone who enters it steps completely outside the normal round of American interests, this I take to be unhappily beyond dispute.

The inherent weakness of the American Army to-day, as of the French Army before and at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, is its organization on a territorial and not a tactical basis. That is a gnawing and palpable defect that the most civilian-minded inquirer is struck with at once. Professional experts find much else to criticize—the faulty proportion of the various arms of the service, the jealousy and friction between them and the jostling for political favors, the woeful lack of correspondence between the Regular forces and the State Militia, and manifold points of equipment, promotion, and supply. But there is another and more reassuring side of the medal. As is usually the case in English-speaking countries, the individuals are better than the system. The personnel of the American Army is excellent. West Point continues to turn out soldier-graduates who are technically qualified for all branches of the service, who are keen and thoroughly equipped officers, with alert, working minds, seasoned physique, and the foundations of a strong and manly character. A cadet who has survived its four years' course of microscopic and unrelaxing discipline, during which the maximum of mental and physical pressure and of moral influence has been applied to the task of grounding him in his profession, emerges from the ordeal a more finished, all-round, and scientific product than, I should judge, any military academy in the world can display. That in many cases the removal of the pressure and the unnatural conditions of life at the Army posts induce a deterioration is only what one would expect; but, taken as a whole, the officers of the American Army are a corps of whom any country would be proud and who only need the chance that a common-sense organization would give them to show their worth. I cordially subscribe to the dictum of the Washington Correspondent of *The Times* that "much that is cleanest and best in American life is to be found scattered through the Army posts of the country." The men, too, are worthy of their officers. There

is never any difficulty about finding recruits. In 1912 the applications for enlistment numbered 150,000; of these only 26,000 were or could be accepted, and one may be sure that the successful candidates represented a very high average of stamina and intelligence. The initiative and self-reliance and general handiness that exist so abundantly in the United States make an unsurpassable basis for soldiering. The true tragedy of the situation is, indeed, that with such officers and with such admirable material for them to work upon and with such a wealth of individual efficiency, an unsound and vitiating system should produce in the aggregate such disastrously inadequate results.

But here, too, things are on the mend. The Spanish War did for the United States what the struggle with the Boers did for us—it covered an obsolete, deeply rutted military organization with disgrace. We have modernized ours since then and rebuilt it on a far surer foundation; the Americans, against almost overwhelming odds, are beginning to do the same with theirs. Two men especially will always be associated with the Herculean enterprise of furnishing the United States with what it has never yet had—an up-to-date Army prepared for war. Mr. Elihu Root, who more than any American of our day has the real stuff of statesmanship in him, began the task by creating, so far as Congress would permit him, a General Staff along European lines. The result has been that for the first time in American history the line and Staff of the Army are now in sympathetic co-operation and the best military brains in the country have been given an opportunity of devoting themselves to the study of the larger problems of military policy and organization. There followed almost immediately the institution of service schools and war colleges which have proved of incalculable value in initiating the ablest officers in the theory and practice of modern warfare.

From these two reforms there has gradually emerged a consensus of expert opinion as to the fundamental defects of the American military system and the remedies that should be applied. But what, more than anything else, has brought life and meaning and fertility to the revolution set on foot by Mr. Root, has been the great good fortune that in 1910 sent General Leonard Wood to Washington as Chief of the Staff. General Wood is by all odds the greatest soldier-administrator that America has produced since the Civil War. His career has been a varied and astonishing romance. Before the war with Spain he was no more than an Army surgeon.

But [to quote his friend Mr. Roosevelt's words] he had served in General Miles's inconceivably harassing campaigns against the Apaches, where he had displayed such courage that he won that most coveted of distinctions, the Medal of Honor; such extraordinary physical strength and endurance that he grew to be recognized as one of the two or three white men who could stand fatigue and hardship as well as an Apache; and such judgment that toward the close of the campaigns he was given, though a surgeon, the actual command of more than one expedition against the bands of renegade Indians. Like so many of the gallant fighters with whom it was later my good fortune to serve, he combined, in a very high degree, the qualities of entire manliness with entire uprightness and cleanliness of character. It was a pleasure to deal with a man of high ideals, who scorned everything mean and base, and who also possessed those robust and hardy qualities of body and mind, for the lack of which no merely negative virtue can ever atone.

It was he who was appointed colonel of the regiment of Rough Riders in

which Mr. Roosevelt served as lieutenant-colonel. When the fighting was over it fell to him to clean up Santiago and administer the eastern end of Cuba. Later he became Governor of Havana and finally Governor-General of Cuba, in which capacity he ruled the entire island for four years with masterly and masterful power and insight. From Havana he went to the Philippines, where he was appointed military commander and civil governor of the Moro province, the wildest and most intractable portion of the Archipelago, which he swiftly reduced to order and contentment; and before he returned to America in 1908 to take command of the Eastern Division he had been placed in full charge of all the American forces in the Philippines. In 1910 he became Chief of the Staff, and when intervention in Mexico can no longer be postponed it is he who will lead the American Army. Such rapidity of promotion brought down upon him for a long while a scandalous and unmeasured storm of calumny and intrigue. But he silenced all detractors and dispelled all jealousies by the superb competence with which he rose to the duties and opportunities of each new appointment. He is a man built on very big and wholesome lines. A massive, disentangling, comprehensive mind that finds its way by instinct to the essentials of whatever problem is engaging it, and that one cannot even imagine being jolted or confused out of its ordered lucidity; a statesman with an administrator's grasp of detail; an administrator with a statesman's grasp of principles; an effortless and untiring worker and student who always seems at the top of his form and adequate to every emergency, and who has brought his pertinent and understanding intelligence to bear on an extraordinary variety of military and governmental problems; the sort of man who in any company would be looked to for the final word, and whose directness and utter intolerance of flaccidity and pretence, whose humor and self-control and quiet air of authority mark the born leader—General Leonard Wood has long seemed to me one of the foremost men on either side of the Atlantic.

I cannot do more than summarize the effects of his accession to the post of Chief of the Staff. He has done more than any other man to reveal the Army to itself, to drive its imperfections home, and to educate the War Department, Congress, and the nation in the ways and means of reform. There is to-day a steadily growing interest among publicists and legislators and the people at large in Army matters. The ignorance as to the true state of the Regular forces and as to the problems of military organization still deserves his adjective of "appalling"; but it is not so appalling as it was. Congress is still both meddlesome and muddle-headed, but here too there are some faint signs that light is dawning. The suspicion that all is not well with the Army system grows a little wider, a little deeper, a little more supported by first-hand judgment with every year that passes. The dearth of well-informed speakers and writers on military topics in Congress and the Press is being gradually overcome. Manœuvres have been held amid tokens of something approaching popular excitement. There has been a campaign both of education and of advertisement on the Army and its needs. The schools and Universities have been encouraged, and have readily agreed, to foster the military spirit. An "Army League of the United States" has come into existence to stimulate and concentrate discussion on the military needs and deficiencies of the country. There are even signs that the popular conscience is at last becoming troubled by

the enormity of the scandal that permits over 30,000,000*l.* a year to be paid out on fraudulent and padded pension-rolls. The truth, in short, is being told the American people about the Army as it was never told before, and the Army men themselves are taking the lead in the work of national enlightenment. Better still, there is now before the country a definite and carefully thought-out scheme for remodelling the whole structure of military organization. The General Staff, under General Wood's auspices, has already done much to free departmental commanders from the administrative work that made it impossible for them to carry on their proper duties of inspection and instruction; and it has taken many minor steps towards that final reorganization of the whole Army system which must eventually come. But the crown of its labors consists in the Report on the Organization of the Land Forces of the United States submitted by General Wood in 1912, and outlining a comprehensive scheme of military reform. What, in brief, is advocated is (1) the sale and abandonment of most of the present posts and the concentration of the Army in at most eight or possibly nine groups, no group containing less than a brigade of infantry, with a proper proportion of cavalry, field artillery, and auxiliaries, and one group at least containing a full tactical division; and (2) the institution of a reserve both for the Regulars and the Militia that would bring the former force to 260,000 men and the latter to 200,000. Such an Army, it is calculated, efficient, thoroughly organized, ready for service, and with a proper tactical distribution, could be formed and maintained for no more than is now squandered on an establishment which in any real and modern sense is not an Army at all. That the scheme stands any immediate chance of being adopted by Congress it would be useless to pretend. Long and arduous years of agitation will have to be gone through before it can hope for legislative enactment. But the principles that it embodies are finding every day a wider acceptance, and it is not impossible that the forthcoming Mexican War, like the Spanish War of sixteen years ago, may give the necessary impetus to the growing and many-sided movement in favor of reform.

Sydney Brooks.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE CRITICISM OF FICTION.

By Edith Wharton.

Mr. James opened the first of two recent articles on the younger generation of English novelists by saying that (in English-speaking countries) there is no such thing as literary criticism; and with this assertion, in the technical sense in which Mr. James intends it to be taken, probably no novelist would disagree.

Mr. James, in his first phrases, seems to suggest that, at some more privileged stage in the growth of this last-born of the arts, English fiction did actually receive critical consideration, and that its own alarming and ever-increasing bulk is, partly at least, the cause of a corresponding shrinkage of the out-numbered forces of criticism. The notion is a pleasing one, and likely to receive corroboration from the "weary reviewer" (surely a close relation of Mr. Wells' Weary Giant) who occasionally describes himself as "refreshed by picking up" Miss Somebody-or-other's wholesome and pleasing love-story. But is it not rather a play of

fancy than a statement of fact? And when, in the short history of the art of fiction, has criticism of it, except in France, attained the point of being a regular and organized process of appraisal? When, in short, has it dealt with its subject with anything like the average consecutiveness and competence that the criticism of history, of language, or of any of the exact sciences is expected to display?

The novelist may here intervene to say that, if it never has, the loss is not great, or the difference appreciable. Nor is it only among English-writing authors that this conviction prevails. The contempt of critics is general among creative writers of all tongues and all traditions. But though the French novelist may, and often does, speak as slightingly of his analyst as the Anglo-Saxon, yet French literature is conscious of criticism, and has been modified by it, to a degree that no thoughtful French writer could seriously deny. The French intelligence, moreover, perpetually exercises itself in conversation upon questions of literary interest, thus creating an atmosphere of critical sensibility into which the novelist is born. France is given to lamenting the extinction of the great literary critic and the fact that there is seemingly no demand for his resuscitation; but France should know more about the average of so-called literary criticism in other countries before she depreciates her own. The generation of Sainte-Beuve is gone, that of MM. Anatole France, Jules Lemaître and Emile Faguet is going; but two such generations leave in the minds succeeding them so rich a deposit and so high a standard that French literary criticism, at one of its least original moments, is still a valuable contribution to literature. And this ought, in itself, to be a sufficient plea for the cultivation of an art of criticism. In a society where every sort of artistic creation has always been accorded the seriousness of attention that sport, politics, and finance monopolize in other countries, some kind of critical criterion is in any case bound to form itself, whatever the indifference of authors or the relative inadequacy of critics. There is not a hack reviewer on a daily paper in France who does not, as it were, know by which handle to pick up his subject. He may have no commentary of value to make on it, but at least he does not forget to mention what it is, or place it before his bewildered readers upside down. He possesses a few elementary principles of exposition, knows in what order to apply them, and, if he fails to illumine his subject, at least does not leave it darker.

It ought to be unnecessary to combat the strange dogma that criticism is of no service to the creative arts. Whether it is or not, however, is relatively unimportant, since, wherever creative artists exercise their art, and have an audience to react to them, criticism will function as instinctively as any other normal appetite. To discuss its usefulness is therefore as idle as it is perverse to regard it as a practice confined to a few salaried enemies of art. Criticism is as all-pervading as radium, and if every professional critic were exterminated to-morrow the process would still be active wherever any attempt to interpret life offered itself to any human attention. There is no way of reacting to any phenomenon but by criticizing it; and to differentiate and complicate one's reactions is an amusement that the human intelligence will probably never renounce.

I.

It is, nevertheless, true that, in Mr. James's sense of the word, the criticism of fiction is practically non-existent in England and America. The ascidian "criticizes" the irritation to

which it reacts, but its rudimentary contractions are not varied by the nature of the irritating agent. And it is hardly too much to say that English-speaking criticism is in the ascidian stage, and throws out or retracts its blind feelers with the same indiscrimination of movement. This, however, is not an argument for suppressing criticism, but only for finding reasons why, since it inevitably does throw its feelers out, it should be helped to develop them into finer instruments of precision.

The chief reason is that it will help the novelists themselves. This assertion must be made, and if possible established, in spite of the outcry of the interested parties. And perhaps the simplest way of silencing their outcry is to remind the novelists that they have lately taken to addressing the most vehement appeals to be understood to the very tribunal in whose non-existence they profess to see no disadvantage. They have been—in England mainly—explaining and commenting themselves with an almost pathetic implication of belief in the existence of a listening and understanding ear. "Si le ciel est vide——" but they can hardly think it so, for far from contenting themselves with a few untechnical generalizations, or appeals to the common stock of human sympathies, they specifically address an intelligence capable, if not of discriminating between methods, at least of understanding that a novelist has to have one, and that it is worth discussing. And to whom can such a demand be addressed but to the professional critic? Probably few novelists could affirm that they have not, at some time or other, either from spoken word or written comment, obtained new views of their own work and of the general conditions of their art. The fundamental difference between the amateur and the artist is the possession of the sense of technique: that is, in its broadest meaning, of the necessity of form. This sense implies an ever-active faculty of self-criticism, and therefore a recognition of the need, and indeed of the inevitability, of criticism; and it is curious, in face of this, to find the modern novelist, while he courts comment, and scatters manifestoes broadcast, somewhat impatiently discriminating against what is called "professional criticism"—as Mr. Wells, for instance, does in the chapter on the Contemporary Novel in his latest book. Criticism is good or bad according to the critic's capacity, and not because he does or does not exercise that capacity professionally; though it would seem that, other things being equal, the disciplined exercise of any faculty ought to be as advantageous in one profession as another.

It is, at any rate, the novelists who may at present be heard calling in the wilderness for the absent critic to approach, and listen, and understand; and to do the latter, in even the mild measure they require, is certainly beyond the competence of the majority of writers at present aimlessly exercising their syntax in the void of the Book Review columns. What the novelist's attitude virtually proclaims is not that he scorns all criticism, but that he scorns the kind he knows he is going to get; and on this point the fraternity is no doubt unanimous.

II.

If this much be taken for granted the next step will be to inquire why criticism is what it is, or why, as Mr. James more tersely says, it simply isn't. The usual answer is that, economically speaking, criticism does not pay, and that, therefore, first-rate ability looks elsewhere for expression. This is true; but it is probably as true in France as in England. In neither country, moreover, does the

literary critic depend wholly on reviewing for his support; and even in France the critic is not always, or often, of first-rate ability. The principal difference is that, in the latter country, the reviewer of fiction is expected to have as disciplined an acquaintance with his subject, its forms, its limitations and its history, as the critic, say, of history or of palæontology. He must have some range of reference, and consequently some kind of perspective. And above all, he must have a sense of form; form in fiction and form in his criticism of it.

These are elementary requirements, yet the English-writing critic seems almost unconscious of their meaning. And the fact that he is so has surely always been reflected in the English novel. It is a commonplace to say that no amount of criticism, of whatever quality, will call forth a great novel. The assertion is outside of discussion, since it can neither be proved nor disproved; but any comparison between French and English fiction seems to show that a systematically and intelligently exercised criticism has at least a negative and repressive value. It not only results in the mediocre book's being less bad—itself not an unmixed benefit—but it leads directly and unmistakably to the good book's being better. Criticism is, of course, much more than the tracing out of mere "form," at least in either of the oddly limited senses in which the word is generally used by English-speaking critics; that is, either as an antithesis to subject or as something that subject puts on like an outer garment. Criticism is concerned with every detail of creation, and hence, and above all, with the point of view of the creator. And it is in this connection that the strongest argument for trained criticism may be sought from the whole body of French fiction. All intelligent criticism of any art presupposes an intelligent criticism of life in general, and the value of such a commentary is visible in the freedom with which French fiction has always been allowed to deal with life.

Mr. Wells complains that Thackeray's attitude to life was "sham thoughtful" and "sham man-of-the-world." If he had said "sham" alone it would have sufficed, and the epithet would then have covered Dickens, as well as Trollope and their other lesser contemporaries. Both Thackeray and Dickens were dazzlingly real in their presentation of the surface of human relations, its endlessly varied external pattern of incident and humor. But it is impossible to analyze any English novel of their period, save in some degree those of George Eliot (and the somewhat later "Way of All Flesh," which Samuel Butler had to keep unpublished for twenty years because it dealt with causes as well as effects)—it is impossible to examine any of this great group of novels, in so many of which, as Mr. James puts it, "the miracle of genius" is manifest, without perceiving that again and again the whole immense machinery of the passions is put in motion for causes that a modern school-girl would smile at. In the greatest of the group the inexhaustible play of mirth and irony, the vividness of characterization, the poetry, the eloquence, the abundance, what rhetoricians call the "number," are so overwhelming and enchanting that the rapt reader half forgets the futility of the springs of action and the infantile unreality of the moral conflict. It is as if grown people with faces worn by passion and experience were acting a play written in the nursery. It is enough to glance at what the novelist of equal parts was doing, at the same moment, beyond the Channel—to set Balzac and Stendhal beside Thackeray and Dickens, Flaubert and Tolstoy beside Charlotte Brontë and Meredith—

to see how even the most soaring genius needs to keep touch with the solid earth of reality.

Mr. Wells will perhaps say that such comparisons are out of order, since the English novelist has taken the matter into his own hands, and is now dealing with "life" as frankly as his French predecessors—and models. Yes; but not critically, or in its right perspective; and that is where the argument for criticism comes in. The modern English novelist is playing with his new blocks in much the same artless spirit with which he built up the old ones on the nursery floor. He is so enchanted with the new pictures on them that he has not yet concerned himself much with the significance or the stability of the shapes he piles them in; and he is so eager to use them all at once that his architecture is more likely to take the shape of a long flat wall than of a more complicated and concentric structure. It is at this very moment, when the stuff of life is at last in the hands of the modeller, that the modeller needs to be taught how to model.

It may well be that some new theory of form, as adequate to its new purpose as those preceding it, will be evolved from the present welter of experiment; but to imagine that form can ever be dispensed with is like saying that wine can be drunk without something to drink it from. The boundless gush of "life," to be tasted and savored, must be caught in some outstretched vessel of perception; and to perceive is to limit and to choose. The novelist may plead as much as he pleases for the formless novel, the unemphasized notation of a certain stretch of a certain runnel of the stream of things; but why has he chosen that particular stretch of that particular runnel? Obviously, because it reflected, or carried on its current, more things he thought worth studying and recording. *Recording*—the act is a key to the method; for the instant one has set down certain things one has created a reason for setting down certain others; and the pattern begins to show. The novelist who proclaims himself beyond and above selection and composition, and considers it his business merely to reproduce with all possible veracity any casual "cross-section" of life, regardless of its æsthetic significance, on the plea that "wo Ihr's packt, da ist es interessant," is very much like a man who goes into the garden to pick a peach—any peach. No matter how good he thinks all peaches, the chances are that he will take the trouble to choose the best in sight; the rosiest, velvetiest, completest, the one combining more of the attributes of peachiness than any of its neighbors. The novelist most averse to composition will instinctively exercise the same selection in choosing a subject, and once selection is exercised, why limit its uses, why not push it to the last point of its exquisite powers of pattern-making, and let it extract from raw life the last drop of figurative beauty?

If, then, design is inevitable, the best art must be that in which it is most organic, most inherent in the soul of the subject. This has been the case with the greatest French fiction, and the sense that it was so, necessarily and inevitably, has been the foundation of the best French criticism. The recognition of the fact has enabled French criticism to formulate a certain number of guiding principles, within which the critic's personality has all the individual scope it needs. The familiar axioms as to the necessary subjectiveness of criticism do not alter the fact that any criticism whatever implies references to a collective standard. The greater the critic, the fewer these references need be; the more they are, the safer is the critic who is not

great. It is hardly disputable that intelligent criticism is a help to every degree of ability short of genius; and even genius may be helped by criticism intelligent enough to recognize it.

III.

What, then, has criticism to say to the modern novelist? First, it has to find out what to ask of him. Mr. Wells makes a brilliant plea for the greatest possible laxity in the interpretation of the term "novel"; and certainly nothing could be stupider than to apply hard and fast measures to so wonderfully elastic a form. A sonnet is a sonnet, but a novel may be almost anything. Let the critic, then, first seek to find out what particular thing each particular novel is trying to be. This would not seem an exorbitant demand on the part of the novelist, yet it is the one the average critic least considers. As a rule he is too busy either recording the number of pages (an item hardly ever omitted), or saying what subject he would have found more interesting than the one chosen, or comparing the novel with its author's previous works, in the apparent belief that each time the novelist writes a new book his object is to make it as much as possible like those preceding it, and that when he has failed to do so his attention should be called to the oversight.

It appears to be purely optional with the critic whether he shall relate the story of the novel (or what he calls its "plot"), or shall simply tantalize the reader by such chance allusions as: "If Betty had not left her golf-clubs in Dolly Fitzroy's motor, things might have turned out very differently for little Mrs. Bertie Lester," passing from this to general considerations on the handling of a theme to which he gives no farther clue. Sometimes, instead, he carefully summarizes the narrative, and, his summary concluded, turns without comment to the discussion of a minor episode, or the analysis of a character whose relation to the tale he has forgotten to mention, or has perhaps neglected to observe. If he is of the older tradition he is of course still much concerned with plot, that complicated and arbitrary combination of incidents which, in the English novel of the nineteenth century, replaced the absent logic of life. The critic of this school appears to regard the plot as something extraneous which may be fastened on to the author's subject like false hair, false teeth or any other artificial aid to loveliness, and to regard his choice of a particular "transformation" or "set" as purely accidental. To this school of critics the ending of the tale is, in particular, a matter on which the novelist is free not to decide till the last page. It must be owned that many works of fiction still give color to this idea; but the pity is that critics trained in the tradition of the plot continue to seek (and to find) it indiscriminately in every novel offered to their notice.

Those of the younger school, who have found out that the detachable plot is no longer generally worn, and that the novelist's present concern is to depict life in unadorned naturalness, are earnestly bent on showing their sense of the innovation. They are disposed to seek out with zeal, and estimate conscientiously, the author's "view of life"; but too often they gather it from the conversation of his characters rather than from the mute evidence offered by his way of dealing with his subject. It would be easy to multiply such instances; it is a theme on which the harrowed novelist can furnish countless variations. But it seems useless to record them, since they all proceed from one fundamental deficiency: the absence of any clear notion as to how, and on what grounds, a work of fiction should be judged.

There seem to be but two primary questions to ask in estimating any work of art: What has the author tried to represent, and how far has he succeeded?—and a third, which is dependent on them: Was the subject chosen worth representing—has it the quality of being what Balzac called "vrai dans l'art"? These three inquiries, if duly pressed, yield a full answer to the æsthetic problem of the novel. Outside of them no criticism can be either relevant or interesting, since it is only by viewing the novel as an organic whole, by considering its form and function as one, that the critic can properly estimate its details of style and construction. In any genuine attempt at the presentment of life all these details should be predetermined by the subject itself. As the conclusion of the tale should be contained in germ in its first page, so its length, its language, the successive illuminating incidents into which it flashes, should be implicit in the subject, and should therefore be judged only in relation to that subject, and not by comparison with the author's previous books or previous manner. Above all, the general conclusions which disengage themselves from the tale—as they must from any contemplation of life that goes below its surface—these conclusions must be sought, not in the fate of the characters, and still less in their own comments on it, but in the kind of atmosphere the telling of their history creates, the light it casts on questions beyond its borders. Some one once said of Tolstoy's characters that they go on doing things after their story is told; and the greatness of a novel may perhaps be measured by the width of this luminous zone. These are the first principles the critic should learn; and having learned them, he should try to make them the sole tests of the fiction he is called upon to appraise.

The novelist, of late, has been challenging his reviewer to the consideration of new theories of novel-writing. The reviewer should be ready and eager to examine and understand these theories, but to do so fruitfully he is bound to hold fast to the three points above indicated. Two principal perils seem, in fact, to lurk for the new novelist. One is consequent on the shock of his sudden release from the white-washed cell of conventions into the daylight and the outer air. To the poor Casper Hauser of the pen everything in this grimy, noisy, rough-and-tumble outer world is so new and of such amazing interest that he is solicited with equal urgency by facts and instances that are not always of equal value. "Life" has suddenly shaken her immense cornucopia into his lap, and in scrambling for its richest and ripest gifts his hand sometimes roams and hesitates. This natural indiscrimination has been justified, and made to appear an artistic instinct, by the almost simultaneous production of unabridged versions of the two great Russian novelists. Here are Tolstoi and Dostoievsky seizing phenomena with as seemingly random a grasp, and producing, by the huge heaping up of their accumulated spoils, an overwhelming, an unapproachable impression of the sheer weight and mass of life. The argument seems indisputable, and it is irresistible to cry out: "This then is the real way at last!"

It is the critic's affair to deal discriminatingly with these new facts, to point out and insist upon the superior permanence and beauty of the subject deeply pondered, discerned, and released from encumbering trivialities, and to show that vague bulk may produce less impression of weight and solidity than a firmly outlined form. It is for the critic, farther, to show that the great Russian novelists—and Tolstoy in particular—may have produced

their effects in spite of, and not because of, their seeming wastefulness of method, and that, in the case of Tolstoy at any rate, the wastefulness will nearly always be found to have served a deliberate artistic purpose. Lastly, in dealing with these or any other great representatives of their art, it is the critic's office, and his peculiar honor, to dwell most on the nature of their highest gift, on that divining and life-evoking faculty which, whatever method it resorts to for expression, is the very foundation of the novelist's art, and the result, not of this or that rule or theory, but of the intense and patient pondering on the depths of life itself.

The Times.

OUR ALTY.

By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell).

CHAPTER XXI.

Wednesday morning dawned, with sunshine and the bluest of blue skies, though a faint pearly mist from the sea dimmed the first brilliancy of these, and beaded grass and hedgerows with silvery drops. This mist would presently clear away, but for the moment it lent a kind of ethereal softness to the homely scene, which enhanced its charm. Even to matter-of-fact John, Alty's figure in its white dress semed imbued with peculiar glamour as it stood by the gate, its outline blurred by the haze; but the face with its vivid coloring gradually detached itself from its indeterminate surroundings as he drew nearer. The blue ribbons brought out the blueness of her eyes; the pink roses vied with her cheeks. As he pulled up the black mare Alty smiled in his face with a shy expectancy that was half delight.

"Now then, up ye get," said he, extending his hand.

The gig rocked as she sprang to her place, and the mare with a sudden flounce darted forward. John's big hand steadied Alty, and he chuckled with satisfaction as she settled herself in her seat. He, too, was brave in holiday gear, with his dark blue suit and a white shirt and a soft hat with a wide brim, from beneath which his eyes laughed down at the girl. He even wore a pink carnation in his buttonhole. As they sped along the white road he glanced at this, and then at the posy in Alty's belt.

"I see ye picked a nice bunch o' flowers for yoursel'," he remarked presently.

"Yes," said Alty, "the dew's on them still."

"Ye picked 'em for yours*el*'," repeated John meditatively, "and I picked yon big pink for *my*sel'. We've got that wrong someway."

"How do you mean?" asked she.

"Why, when two folks goes sweetheartin' they oughn't to be pickin' flowers for themsel's, d'ye see. That's a bit selfish."

Alty ruminated too, then inquired shyly:

"Do you think we ought to swop, Mr. Fazackerly?"

"Well, summat o' the kind," rejoined he. "I wouldn't want the whole of your roses, but you can give me one and take this here pink instead."

Alty unwound the piece of worsted with which she had bound her nosegay together, and selected a half-open bud; then removing the carnation from John's buttonhole she effected the exchange, pinning her flower in its place and adding his to her own bunch.

"That's better," said John, when she had once more fastened this in her belt.

"Now I reckon we're sweethearts in earnest."

He gave a short laugh as he spoke, then, removing his eyes from Alty's, fixed them steadily on the mare's ears; Alty gazing surreptitiously at him, thought he looked less formidable than usual, though his countenance had resumed its wonted gravity.

Poor Mr. Fazackerly! He certainly was trying to do his best, and she oughtn't to make things harder for him.

"Well," she said shyly, "we'll both try, won't we, Mr. Fazackerly?—John, I mean."

"That's better," said John again, encouragingly. He paused, ruminated, and then glancing down at her with his kind smile, added, "Happen we'll make a better hand on't than what we think."

"Maybe so," agreed Alty dutifully. "It's a lovely day as how 'tis," she continued after a moment, "and I'm sure it's very good of you to take me out like this. I'm sure we're like to enjoy ourselves."

"Reet," said John. "Would ye like to drive, love?"

"*Love!*" repeated Alty to herself, and her heart leaped: they certainly were "getting forrarder"!

But she shook her head demurely.

"My gloves is just clean, Mr. Fazackerly," she remarked. "I like as if I want to keep mysel' spick and span till we get yon."

"Reet," said John again; but he glanced at the gloves and recognized them.

After a moment's silence he resumed in a tone of dogged determination:

"Yes, we'll be true sweethearts this day. We'll think o' nought but what's pleasant. We'll look forrard, and not back."

"Yes," agreed Alty, in a very small voice, and she hung her head till John could see nothing of her face beneath the broad brim of her hat.

"No one could be kinder," she said to herself, but it was queer how things seemed to fall out! Just as she was beginning to feel more at home with him something would happen to recall what she would so fain forget. Could she ever be the same to John Fazackerly as another girl might have been whom he could have picked out for himself and not just chosen out of pity?

They arrived early at the station, in time to select two comfortable seats for themselves.

"One on each side of the window, see," said John. "Ye'd best sit here where ye'll get plenty o' fresh air."

"Then you'd best sit aside of me," suggested she, "or would you like the corner and *I* can take the next place. I doubt ye'll find it very hot goin' backwards way."

"Nay," said John, "I'll sit here opposite where I can see ye. I'm not one as troubles much about heat or cold."

He duly ensconced himself in the corner opposite to Alty, making a rampart of his great legs so that she was not unduly crowded even when the carriage filled.

While the journey was in progress they conversed little, but he nodded at her encouragingly every now and then, and contemplated her with great satisfaction. Once when the wind, sweeping freely through both open windows, blew a lock of her curly hair across her eyes, he leaned forward and gravely smoothed it back, tucking it away clumsily behind her ear.

It was still early in the forenoon when they alighted at Grange-over-Sands, that quaint, pretty village which seems strangely out of place on that rugged northern coast, with its tiny sheltered bay, its hills wooded to the very edge of the water, its fields green and luxurious amid the surrounding aridity.

"Now," said John, heaving a sigh of pleasure as they stood gazing down at the dancing blue water, "my notion is to do everything as is to be done now we're here. What 'ud ye say to goin' for a row first to cool us after yon train?"

"Go in a boat on the water, d'ye mean?" ejaculated Alty, clapping her hands. "Eh, I would like that! I've never been in a boat — not in a gradely boat. I did go once wi' some o' the lads in a tub on one o' the pits, but it tipped o'er wi' us and we was very nigh drowned. They're deep, ye know, some o' those pits."

"I'll take care ye're not drowned to-day," said John.

Alty laughed for pleasure as she found herself afloat, and enjoyed every minute of the short cruise.

She trailed her hand in the clear water and presently took off her hat so that the sea breeze might play more freely round her head.

Her eyes were as blue as the water, and as sparkling, and the little gold-tipped tendrils of hair danced about her brow in time as it seemed to the leaping of the waves. John took note of the appearance her face presented under these circumstances, even if he did not make poetic comparisons, and beamed on her with entire satisfaction.

"I reckon ye'll have a gradely appetite for dinner," he remarked aloud.

"I reckon I will," returned she joyously. "Where shall we have dinner, Mester Fazackerly?" She gazed at him with the eager anticipation of a child.

"Well, that's a question," rejoined he. "We have the whole place to choose from. Would ye fancy it best out o' doors or indoors?"

"Eh, I like it out o' doors," cried she.

John consulted the boatman, who, much interested in their plans, promised to indicate on landing an eating-house where they could provide themselves with all necessary provisions. Thither therefore they presently repaired, and were accommodated with a variety of choice viands. Cold chicken for Alty, beef sandwiches for John, a pork pie apiece, apples and pears and cakes galore. John, moreover, dropped a bottle of beer into his pocket for his own consumption, while a companion bottle of lemonade for Alty balanced it on the other side.

"Now I reckon we're complete," he observed.

They sallied forth together up the mountain road which leads out of the town, then, turning aside, climbed in single file the path which winds upwards through the woods to the fells beyond.

Most of their fellow-excursionists were disporting themselves on the beach or partaking of solid meals in the inns or eating-houses; they had an hour's start of most of them, and the beautiful woods were at this noontide practically their own. The heavy shade engulfed them; their feet sank almost noiselessly on the mossy path; though the first profusion of early summer was over, there were still flowers in the grassy spaces. The woods themselves were aromatic; delicious, cool breezes brought the fragrance of larch and fir to their nostrils, mingled with the indescribable smell of sun-kissed beech leaves.

"Eh," ejaculated Alty, "this is just like heaven!"

John paused to smile back at her, and then shifted the basket from one arm to the other.

"Would ye like to catch hold, lass?" he inquired, crooking the elbow thus disengaged. "Path's a bit steep."

"Nay, but ye've got sech a lot to carry," said Alty, hesitating.

"Catch hold," said John, "without ye'd rather not."

Alty hastily crooked her arm in his.

"Eh, of course I'd rather," she said, and they walked on side by side now, until they reached a level spot halfway up the hill, a little grass-grown terrace well shaded by trees, through an opening in which they could obtain a glimpse of the green valley below: pasture fields, with a stream running through them in which cows were standing.

"Nice, isn't it?" said John. Taking the bottles out of his pocket, he removed his coat, and invited Alty to sit on it.

"Nay, but ye might catch cold," remonstrated she.

John laughed with good-humored derision, and sat himself down on the garment in question.

"Theer's room on't for the two of us," he remarked. "Sit down here aside o' me. Eh, my dear, this is gradely."

The girl had obediently sank down on her portion of blue broadcloth, and taken off her hat; now she sat hugging her knees and smiling. A sunbeam, sliding through the thick beech leaves, gilded her curly locks.

"You're a bonny lass, Alty," said John.

She reddened and turned away her head.

"I reckon I'm just or'inary," she said in a stifled voice.

"Nay," said John, with conviction. "Ye don't fancy me sayin' that," he went on, eyeing her keenly; "but ye see, Alty, I must tell you the truth, mustn't I?"

Alty unclasped her hands, and pulling a blade of grass, sucked it meditatively:

"Folks don't always have to go about sayin' things because they're true," she observed. "*I* don't think o' saying you've got a big beard, Mester Fazackerly."

"No," returned he, chuckling, "but if ye was to say, 'You've got a *gradely* beard, John,' I'd take it as a compliment. So ye'll own as what I told ye jest now was true?"

Alty was nonplussed for a moment, but presently rejoined with spirit:

"Then if it is, I don't need to be told so."

"Well, ye see," said John, stretching himself out luxuriously on the grassy sward, "we're doin' a bit o' proper coortin' for once, and first thing a man tells the lass he's coortin' is she's bonny—even if it is no news to her. But I'm sorry if it puts ye out to hear it."

"No, it doesn't put me out," returned she, adding diffidently after a pause, "I like to hear it very much."

"That's settled then," said John. "Well, the next thing is to tell ye I love ye."

"Is that the next thing?" said Alty, turning her head so completely that only the thick coils of hair at the back were presented to his gaze.

"Ah, that's it," asserted John.

"Well, ye've said it now," murmured Alty in a low voice.

"Yes, I've said it, and I'd like some mak' of answer. Can't ye make shift to turn about and look at me, my lass?"

Alty slowly turned towards him; her face was troubled yet alight with an emotion that was neither fear nor pain; her lips trembled, and at the sight the big kindly giant, for once, lost his head and kissed them.

"No harm done," he said hastily, as the girl, flushing crimson, covered her face with her hands; "we're gradely sweethearts, and we're to be man and wife. Ye can trust me, can't ye?"

"Eh, that I can," said Alty inarticulately, but she still hid her face, and a tear slid through her sunburnt fingers.

"I have been too quick," said John remorsefully. "I didn't mean to make

ye cry, my dear. I wanted this to be a happy day."

"I am happy," whispered Alty. She dropped her hands, and looked at him timidly; her lips were still quivering, but her face was transfigured with a kind of shy radiance.

"Eh, my wench," said John, "I welly believe in time ye'll come to care for me a little bit."

As she opened her lips to reply, he went on quickly:

"Nay, don't say anythin' yet. I don't want to hurry ye. In time, I say. Little by little, ye know—I'm not the man to drive ye."

He sighed as he spoke, and leaning back against the beech-trunk rested his head on his clasped hands and gazed upwards through the branches. Alty, with her elbows on her knees and her chin propped on her hands, contemplated him earnestly.

"There's one thing I'd like to know," she said; "I'd like to know if you're happy, John?"

He sat up with a jerk; his white teeth flashed through his beard.

"I reckon there's not a man in this world happier than me at this moment," he said.

The sound of ascending footsteps broke in upon the pause which ensued, and presently a lad and lass came into view: an undersized, town-bred youth, a girl from some Liverpool back street, both sallow and unhealthy-looking, but with faces for the time being radiant. They stood still for the moment at the sight of John and Alty, keeping their arms entwined, and then, with a smiling nod of good-fellowship, passed on.

"Another pair o' sweethearts," remarked John. "A poor-looking couple too, but happy enough, I'll go warrant."

"She had a ring on her finger," observed Alty.

"A weddin' ring?" asked John. "Perhaps they're married already. Well, the love hasn't wore off yet, as how 'tis."

"Nay, the ring had a stone in it," rejoined the girl. "I reckon 'twas a engagement ring."

"Foolishness," said John, "and the two o' them half-starved seemingly. Come, shall we have our dinner now?"

"Yes, I'd like it," said Alty.

She ate her first slice of chicken between two pieces of bread, and then she resumed seriously:

"I don't know as it's altogether foolishness; I think it is nice for him to have given her yon ring, so's she can think o' him."

John took a large bite out of his sandwich, and eyed Alty reflectively while he masticated it.

"I'll not give ye no ring, Alty," he said presently, "until I give ye the weddin' ring. When your heart turns to me ye'll think o' me reet enough without havin' to be reminded by a fal-lal of any sort. True love doesn't need reminders."

"No," agreed Alty, "and I see ye every day, too, Mester Fazackerly. 'Tisn't as if I didn't see ye."

John smiled.

"If ye didn't it 'ud be 'out o' sight, out o' mind,' wouldn't it?" he said teasingly.

"Nay, I didn't say that," cried Alty quickly; and then John laughed uproariously and shook his finger at her, and she laughed too and made some pert rejoinder, at which he laughed the more. She forgot all about his being the "Gaffer," and how he had condescended to her out of pure compassion. To-day they were comrades on equal terms, and more, it was Alty herself who was in the ascendant; the man hung upon her every word and look.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Orrell's queer little cottage looked quainter still by moonlight; it

seemed, in fact, to be almost tumbling to pieces. The strong shadows made the gable in the thatched roof appear to be stuck on awry, and the eaves jut out unnaturally over the tiny windows and the whitewashed walls; the very chimney-stack appeared poised for flight. Yet the open door revealed a certain comfortable air of solidity and warmth within: the oak table was spread for a meal, the fire winked at the steel bar of the fender and the crockery on the dresser, and picked out points of light from remote corners. Mrs. Orrell had prudently turned down the lamp, and the living-room, thus dimly seen, appeared more spacious than was compatible with the exterior of the little dwelling.

Mrs. Orrell's figure was touched alike by moonbeam and firelight as she stood expectantly by the little gate, listening intently for the returning footsteps of John Fazackerly and Alty.

"They're late," she said to herself over and over again. "They're enjoyin' themselves seemingly."

Then, after further listening, she would add with a dry chuckle:

"They're not in such a very great hurry to come back. I reckon they mun ha' found summat to say to each other this time."

But when at length the sound of footsteps did fall upon her ear—the slow and heavy footfall of a man accompanied by a light patter which she recognized as Alty's—they were unaccompanied by any sound of voices. Mrs. Orrell craned her neck forward and hearkened more intently than ever.

"Not a word," she said to herself desperately. "At arter all I said to John and everythin'! He'll never get no forrarder."

But when the couple came in sight, however, she changed her opinion. They were walking arm in arm—in fact, Mrs. Orrell almost thought that John's arm slid from Alty's waist as they turned the corner of the lane; both faces, seen plainly in the moonlight as they drew nearer, wore an expression of such rapt happiness that the old woman smiled a sour smile of satisfaction. Backing away from the gate noiselessly in her felt slippers, she crept across the threshold and softly pushed the door to; then she waited, as once before, expectantly, but this time joyfully. After a pause she heard John's retreating footsteps descending the lane, and Alty came in.

"Are we very late, Grandma?" she asked.

Her face was very rosy and the lids were drooped over her happy eyes; in this new shy bliss of hers she scarcely dared look even Grandma in the face.

"Well, you are a bit late," rejoined Mrs. Orrell with a broadening smile. "Didn't keep count o' the time, I reckon?"

"No, I suppose we didn't," admitted Alty.

She sat down by the table, drawing off her gloves and unconsciously smiling to herself.

"Ye had a nice day then?" queried the old woman.

"Eh, that we did," responded Alty enthusiastically. "My word, Grandma, it was lovely yon! We went on the water, and then John bought our dinners and we went off to the woods. We was there the whole day—it was beautiful. We reckoned to go climbin' up on the fells, but it was so lovely yon under the trees we just stayed there."

"Enjoyed yourselves, did ye?" said Mrs. Orrell, with increasing satisfaction. "And made gradely friends, I reckon."

"Ah," said Alty, in a lower tone, and turning away her head from Grandma's scrutinizing gaze. "I reckon we did make friends; we seem to know each other proper now."

Mrs. Orrell stood, hands on hips, contemplating her grand-daughter with

ever-growing complacency for a moment or two, then she nodded to herself and turned away.

"Well, ye may thank me for that," she said triumphantly.

"Thank you, Grandma?" cried Alty in astonishment; then, recollecting herself, "Yes, of course, it was very good of ye to spare me all day."

Mrs. Orrell wheeled and looked at her still triumphantly.

"Spare ye all day! That isn't mich. 'Tisn't mich I see o' ye all day as how 'tis. It's more nor that ye ha' to thank me for. You yoong folks never think o' nought for yourselves. John Fazackerly isn't so yoong as that cooms to—not to say a lad—but he wouldn't ha' thought o' gettin' a bit forrarder without I told him. Ah, ye may look"—for indeed the girl was staring at her incredulously—"but ye owe this day's pleasure to me—and if John's found his tongue at last—though I'll admit he didn't seem to ha' mich to say when ye were comin' up lane jist now—it's me as put the words in his mouth."

"How do ye mean, Grandma?" faltered Alty.

Mrs. Orrell paused for a moment for dramatic effect, and then wagged her head archly. She was enjoying to the full the effect she was producing. Aha, the yoong folks went out pleasuring wi'out a thought for anybody except theirselves, and Alty was more than a little set up now seemingly, but it was little she could do for herself when all was said and done. The old woman was left at home all day by herself, yet it was her that set everything agate!

"Why, I mean as 'twas me as told John it were foolish the way he were carryin' on, and wi'out he took ye out now and again and did a bit o' gradely coortin', none o' the neighbors 'ud believe ye was truly promised to each other, and ye'd be worse off now nor if he'd never come forrard. So I see he took the hint," said Mrs. Orrell jubilantly. "Here, fetch over teapot, and I'll make ye a cup o' tea."

"I don't want any tea, thank you," said Alty, pushing away her chair from the table hurriedly. "I'm tired—I think I'll go to bed."

"Well I never!" ejaculated the old woman, setting back the kettle on the hob and turning to stare at her. "So that's all the thanks I get, layin' table ready and all, and even cuttin' the bread and butter so ye shouldn't have to wait a minute."

"I've been eatin' a lot all day," murmured Alty. "I don't want any more now—nor tea neither. I just want to go to bed."

Her foot was on the lower step of the ladder stairs as she spoke; her head was bent so that her face was invisible.

"Well, but ye're not so tired as ye can't bide a minute," cried the other, exasperated. "Here, I've been workin' about by mysel' all day while you and your spark was pleasurin', and ye haven't so much as a word to say to me when ye coom back. I want to hear about your doin's."

"Well, but I've told ye, Grandma. We went on the water and we sat in the wood."

Her voice trembled as she spoke; the words had called up the memory of those happy hours and of John's face. She could have sworn that those looks and words of his were dictated by a love as deep and genuine as that of which she was conscious within herself, yet it had been all pretence! John was simply trying to "get forrard" in response to Grandma's advice; making an effort to play the lover lest the girl whom he was anxious to befriend should suffer by his tardiness.

"He doesn't want me nor care for me," she said to herself. "He's just takin' pity on me." Then her heart

swelled within her and her face burned. Pity! She wanted none of his pity!

"Here, coom back," cried Grandma. "I'm not wantin' to hear about the water nor the wood. I want to hear what your sweetheart said to ye."

"Sweetheart!" ejaculated Alty hoarsely, as she suddenly turned and faced her Grandmother. "I don't want no sweethearts of that make."

"The lass is out o' her senses," exclaimed Mrs. Orrell.

Alty wheeled again and fled up the stairs, locking herself into her own little attic room.

"Well!" exclaimed the old woman, almost voicelessly, and fell back again on to the corner of the settle. "The lass is mad," she repeated to herself.

She tried with her puzzled old brain to follow out the train of events which had led up to this unexpected declaration, and finally shook her head mournfully.

"'Tis John's fault, I doubt," she muttered to herself. "'Tis John's fault, and so I'll tell him."

She rose, and fetching a plate from the dresser, thriftily covered the despised bread and butter so that it would still be eatable in the morning. Then, throwing a cloth over the tray, she raked out the fire, and taking up the lamp, withdrew, much perturbed, into her own room.

Alty divested herself of her clothes with none of her usual care in shaking out and folding; leaving them in an untidy heap on the floor, she threw herself on her bed. There she lay with burning cheeks while the cuckoo clock downstairs ticked away the hours, occasionally marking the flight of time by uttering his spasmodic note an hour or two in advance of that marked on the dial-plate. Alty was not crying; she was angry, with a passion which seemed to tear her very vitals.

When John Fazackerly had interfered to prevent her elopement she had been conscious of a very real exasperation. When Dennis Royton had failed her at the crucial moment she had felt outraged, aghast; but the anger which seized her now was a deadly thing. With that never-to-be-forgotten moonlight night, Alty Orrell's childhood slipped away into a past immeasurably far distant; her very girlhood left her: this panting creature who lay stiffly outside the truckle-bed, with wide-open, burning eyes and clenched hands, was a woman, and the frenzy which had taken possession of her was the frenzy of an ardent woman.

She had been fooled, tricked, robbed. Yes, though she did not put the thought into so many words, she had the distinct sense of being defrauded. During those long blissful hours in that green and golden paradise, she had felt her heart go out to John; he had even drawn from her broken words of love in response to the tenderness with which he had mocked her; she had gladly suffered his caresses—caresses of which she now thought with the fierce revolt of a proud and modest nature. She had even at parting kissed him back with shy, timid confidence. And all the time he had been pretending. Making-believe to love her out of compassion for her abandoned plight.

Alty sat up in bed as the gray light of dawn diffused itself through her narrow room, and clasped her hands with an intensity of purpose.

"I'll make an end on't," she said to herself. "I'll ha' no more to do wi' him. If there was never another man in the world, I'd not be wed that way."

Yes, she would break with John; she would throw back in his face the pity of which she had no need. She would hold up her head and "dare" the neighbors. Let them think what they liked of her. Let them say what they liked. Hard words break no

bones. All the gossip in the village couldn't make her a bad girl if she wasn't a bad girl. She was young and strong; she would find some way of supporting herself and Grandma without Farmer Fazackerly's favors.

She got up at sunrise and as soon as she was dressed made her way quietly downstairs. It was still too early to set about house-cleaning; there was no stir in Grandma's room: the old woman was sleeping heavily after perhaps an unquiet night, and Alty was doubly anxious to avoid disturbing her, dreading, as she did, further questions and arguments. She went out of doors, and feeling the need for bodily movement, set to work with her customary energy to fork a weedy patch in the garden.

There was no haze this morning, but the outer world was all a-sparkle with dew and early sunshine. Only this time yesterday she was standing at the gate, expecting John, with a long, happy day before her! She shook her head as though to drive away the importunate thought, and applied herself with more vigor than ever to her work.

Presently, pausing for breath, she was startled by hearing herself hailed very softly from the gate.

"Alty!"

She turned sharply and then dropped her pitchfork. Dennis Royton was standing within a few paces of her.

As she stood gazing blankly at him, he advanced cautiously on tip-toe, his face wearing a smile that was half sheepish and half mischievous, wholly boyish.

He stretched out his hand, but she put hers resolutely behind her back.

"I suppose you wonder how I dare show my face here again," he said, coloring as he spoke.

"Well, I do that," rejoined she, shooting out the words in a fierce whisper.

"I don't think another man in the world would have the cheek to do it," he went on, "or shall we say pluck? The fact is, Alty, I'm coming to throw myself on your mercy. Everyone else has kicked me out, but I don't believe you will. I want you, you see—I want you more than ever."

"That's a likely tale," rejoined Alty, with dry lips.

"Well, it didn't seem to me at all likely that anyone would kick me out, but it's true," he rejoined, with a whimsical smile and a shrug of the shoulders.

"Do you mean to say your beautiful young lady has given you the sack?" inquired the girl scornfully. "You as was so much took up wi' her and all?"

"She doesn't seem to have fancied me, and that's the truth," rejoined Dennis, with engaging candor. "She only put up with me on trial—I told you that was our bargain, you know—and I don't come up to her expectations, it seems—so it's off."

"And you have the face to come back to me," cried Alty.

"Yes," responded he, "because you see, Alty, she didn't come up to mine either. All her goods were in the shop window, if you know what I mean—just a pretty face and nothing behind it. A man wants more than that for his life's companion."

"Well, you've plenty of time to look round," said Alty, with a peculiar little sound that was almost like a laugh, "and plenty of young ladies to pick from, I should think."

"Now that's where you're wrong," said Dennis ingenuously; "my matrimonial value is at a low figure at present. My governor is packing me off to the Colonies. Yes, Alty, I'm going to be a farmer."

"But whatever ha' ye done to anger your father?" queried the girl, interested in spite of herself.

"Well, he was annoyed about this business with Œnone—thinks I bun-

gled it somehow. She's a sharp customer, I can tell you—made a lot of inconvenient inquiries, and various little debts of mine came to light. My father was furious—the long and the short of it is, he says I've got to stand on my own feet at present. He's buying me a bit of land in Canada, and giving me my passage out and a hundred pounds in hand. I'm supposed to make a living for myself out of that."

"Well, I should think that would be a good start," said Alty indifferently.

She picked up her fork and drove it slowly beneath a patch of milk-thistle.

"But, you see, I don't want to go alone," pursued Dennis, with his most ingratiating smile. "You asked me just now how I had the face to come near you; I've the face to do more than that. I told you I was coming to throw myself on your mercy, you know. I want you to forgive me; I want you to marry me, and come out with me to Canada."

"You seem able to turn from one to t'other very quick," said Alty in a strangled voice. "It seems queer to me——" she broke off, biting her lip.

Dennis might well have "cast up" at her likewise that she found it easy to turn from one to another.

"It was different though," she said to herself with lightning quickness.

Yes, her childish fancy for the youth beside her bore no comparison to the deep feeling which John had aroused within her—a feeling which now seemed to be pure agony.

"Can't you forgive and forget, darling," went on Dennis persuasively. "We'd make a fresh start in a new country where nobody could bother us, and you'd have it all your own way. I do love you, Alty, though you mayn't believe it. I could never be happy with anyone else. I want you."

He came a pace nearer and would have taken her hand, but she stepped back, and at that moment Mrs. Orrell's voice sounded sharply from within:

"Are you comin' down, Alty? It's gone half-past five."

"It's Grandma," murmured Alty hurriedly. "She thinks I'm in my room. Ye'd best be off. I don't want her to find ye."

"But you'll give me an answer, surely," said he. "Don't be hard, Alty. Forgive and forget, and let's make a fresh start. *Can't* you forgive me?"

"I don't know if I can," said the girl with pale lips. "I don't love ye no more. If I was to take ye it wouldn't be for love."

"Then take me for pity," pleaded he. "What am I to do all by myself—how am I to manage? Be good to me and help me, Alty, and I swear I'll make you love me in time."

Alty threw back her head and laughed: her eyes were shining and she looked oddly excited.

"Well, I'll see," she said. "But ye must go away now, ye must let me think."

"Alty," called Mrs. Orrell's voice from within; heavy steps were heard descending the stairs.

"Ye can meet me at Hart's-tongue Wood this evening," said Alty. "I'll tell ye then."

"I say it's cruel of you to keep me in suspense," protested he, his hand on the gate-latch.

"I must have time," said Alty. "Grandma is comin' down again, you must be off. Seven o'clock," she added.

Dennis darted out of the gate and down the lane, stooping low, so that his figure was hidden by the hedge. He rounded the corner just as Mrs. Orrell emerged from the house.

"Didn't ye hear me calling?" she inquired, with majestic severity.

"I was doin' a bit of weedin'," remarked Alty, again applying herself to her fork.

"This isn't the time o' day for gardenin'," retorted the old woman crossly.

"Ye left me yesterday to do all the work o' the house—I reckon ye're thinkin' o' doin' the same to-day."

Grandma was decidedly "dunchy" this morning. At another time the girl would not have minded, but now words and tone alike jarred on her. She was sick of being ordered about and hustled and managed; and then this "casting up" about yesterday!

"What would ye do then if I was wed?" she asked sharply.

"Him as is to be your husband—and one as is far too good for ye," retorted Mrs. Orrell sourly, "has took more thought for me nor what you is ever like to do. He's goin' to make me a 'lowance, John is. I can get in a lass now and again to do rough work for me—and I'll see as she does it at proper time. Have ye aught against it?" she inquired, raising her voice as she noticed deepening gloom on Alty's face.

"I don't like the notion o' bein' beholden that much to Farmer Fazackerly," murmured Alty sullenly.

"Don't ye, you ungrateful little snicket? Then I think no shame on't. Says John to me: 'Tis the least we can do for ye, Mrs. Orrell, seeing as 'twas you as brought Alty up. 'Tis common justice,' he says; 'her wage was keepin' ye. As my wife she'll be earnin' no wage, but she'll ha' the reet to keep ye still.' And that is but justice, as ye can see for yoursel'."

Alty's face cleared in some measure: it was justice after all. She would work for her husband, whoever he might be, just as hard as she was now doing for her employer, and she would have a right to make her Grandmother an allowance, sufficient to keep her for her remaining years.

"If I take t'other he'll ha' to agree too," she said to herself.

To get away! That was the great temptation. To make a fresh start in a new land where nobody knew her, where she might forget John Fazackerly and the humiliation of his condescension. "I need you," Dennis had said, "I want you." He would indeed be doing a good thing for himself if he secured her for a wife. It would be she who was stooping to him, helping him, saving him. He was but a lad after all—perhaps she could forgive him.

(To be concluded.)

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SCIENCE.

The point of view being practically decisive in every theory of science, it has been recognized in France and Germany that the decisions of scientific authority are rooted in features of psychology. It is seventeen years since Dr. Gustave Le Bon detailed his experienced conviction that the part of reason in the verdicts of science was too insignificant to deserve mention, and the fifty volumes of his *Philosophie Scientifique* bear the testimony of eminent experts in every subject to his matured conclusion. The contributions of H. Poincaré to that remarkable *Bibliothèque* have been translated and attracted attention, but it is not realized that similar volumes on every branch of science are selling in thousands throughout France. English science was very recently summarized as completed by Darwin and Lord Kelvin. It is pretty generally suspected that the entire conceptions of the official opponent of Darwin are experimentally refuted; but it is not recognized in England that Darwinism is equally, outside of England, in definitely par-

lous case. The horror of discussion, the detestation of philosophy, which characterized the "Modern Aristotle" of Huxley, has proved a welcome armor to those who pin their faith to the dozen volumes of a compiler who, refusing the elementary discipline of every science, appealed to the love of sport and the current prejudices of the hour.

Chief among those prejudices is a belief whose very absurdity has made it the main support of Darwinism. It is the confusion between the million species of convenient scientific classification and the essential species of permanent difference which Darwin fancied to be ignorant fictions of Moses, Aristotle, and Plato. Because the intelligent violence of generations of shrewd breeders has occasionally transmuted forms of supposed specific difference, Darwin assumed that chance and circumstance must equally transmute the essential species of the philosopher. For proof he appealed to the succession of known fossils. Well aware that this succession might be as illusory as Herbert Spencer had previously insisted, Darwin treated it in all his volumes as solid and accepted fact. The present writer was convinced of its fallacy by the first competent revision of the known fossils by the eminent expert Neumayr. Steinmann, whose manual of fossils has been authoritative for over twenty years, and who has personally revised the original work of Darwin in South America, has completed the enquiry suspended by Neumayr's early death. Suess, the father-in-law of Neumayr, has similarly achieved a reasoned summary of all authentic evidence in geology. The necessary task in either case was too gigantic for any single workman. Steinmann has utilized the noble labors of his predecessors, and presented in three hundred pages the first authentic summary of the fossil record which can be compared with the hedging sentences and scientific incompetence of a popular and prejudiced compiler.

The horror of scientific accuracy and verbal caution, which Darwin scouted as "metaphysics," prevents the useful analysis of Steinmann's *Geological Foundations of Evolution.* Like the peasant who preconceives the obvious foreigner as inevitably speaking gibberish, the general reader has learnt to shut his intelligence at any mention of the word science in literature. The scientific article has been dropped by every English periodical in proportion to the advance of Darwinism. The conclusions of Steinmann can only be stated as those of an expert fully recognized as such by every competent authority in his own tongue. The motto of his book is the conclusion of Lamarck: "The races of living bodies all subsist, spite of their variations." He proves, by detailed examples, that the races of the earliest deposits still subsist in the existing seas. He maintains that no Malthusian struggle but an orderly and systematic adaptation has maintained all original forms of life. Like almost every expert out of England, he holds that Lamarck, the original creator of half of zoology, was both as philosopher and as biologist advanced beyond the century of Darwin. It is well to remember that his work was for Darwin, "nonsense, veritable rubbish, absurd, and a wretched book." This judgment of a sporting naturalist who rejected even the elementary training of a medical student, demands explanation. Samuel Butler, by acute analysis, detected the fact that Darwinism is an attempt to appropriate the discoveries of Lamarck, together with the ingenious formula of Russel Wallace. Darwin acknowledged that his only talent was "a good business head," and he largely increased an ample fortune by judicious use of the brains of a man whose daughters

gained their bread by gumming labels at the Paris *Muséum*. English opinion, as in the matter of Free Trade, differs from all other in the present question. It is a matter of psychology, at least as much as of reason.

So much depends upon the point of view, that the real question would appear the query whether the horror of intellectual discussion is definitely ingrained in the English mind. To the genuine Darwinian, a Bergson is promptly classified as "a curious kind of beetle," and a Steinmann is merely silently ignored. The vast advances of Continental and American geology have no echo in the Rip Van Winkle reminiscences of dear old Tyndall that represent our most expert conceptions of even the familiar Alps. English geology, once supreme, is no longer quoted by any geologist up to date. With considerable reason, our foremost geologist recently attributed to Darwin our chief notions on the subject. The psychology of the sporting naturalist and the pleasing compiler presents as a mere adjunct to "country rambles" the science which is the only foundation for the belief in the purely simian origin of our faculties. The entire originality of Darwin lay in this novel point of view. He treated that problem of all the ages which had aroused a new and profitable interest in science as a point of practice for the stock-breeding gentry of his day. His books sold better than the *Vestiges of Creation* or the exquisite essays of Hugh Miller. Amusing anecdotes were substituted for thought. He answered to the coming passion for aimless scurrying on the flat or boisterous swinging in the air. The latest writer of largest circulation insists that the performance of certain monkey tricks before breakfast will make us "soldiers, good citizens, fit, and capable in body and mind." The cripples, from Narses to Nelson, who have made history, had not learned the essential secret. The next British army should trail sponge-baths and the appliances of Mr. Sandow as a substitute for both artillery and tactics. The belief that our faculties are simian responds to prevailing tendencies and to the example of Darwin in his rejection of every discipline of science. Continental thinkers are aghast in noting that a single organ of pure Darwinism replaces in England at least two score in Germany and a score in France. English science is reduced to a purely party system in which no genuine discussion or definable intellectual difference can survive. Huxley succeeded in establishing, with the funds and prestige of Darwin, an absolute censorship which has suppressed every fact and argument against the views of Darwin or the complimentary objections of devil's advocates who shared the spoil. Every official science-teacher has been trained and paid, like Mr. Wells, to teach Darwinism or starve. The brilliant writer named has escaped his slavery, and is finding popular means to make permanently odious and ridiculous the entire system of Darwinian education.

The essence of Darwinism is the conviction of the simian origin of reason and morality, together with the conception of Lucretius, that pure chance, in unlimited time, will rub out order and law. Darwin himself admitted that his gratuitous metaphysics were "a muddle," and plunged, in his biggest book, into amateur discussion of Predestination and Freewill. In his *Origin of Species*, which explained the origin of nothing, he invoked a Creator to please his publisher. One volume of Le Bon's series states the Lucretian argument fairly, but it remains the muddle which Darwin recognized. The facts of geology are the only solid ground of Darwinism. Those facts are at present in a radical state of flux, as much as the facts of physics since the

discovery of radium. The interests of Darwinian education demand the usual assertion that science remains essentially unchanged, but the new views are entirely ruinous to Haeckel's statement of the philosophy of Darwinism. The latest discoveries of fossils have compelled geologists to resort to paradoxes which shake the whole foundations of their science, in the vain attempt to maintain the supposed record of a progressive evolution of life. The very oldest fossils known are of the second highest of the eight main classes of zoology; and the social and ethical possibilities of that class, as represented by bees and ants, are the nearest to our own. Steinmann's detailed analysis deals the crowning death-blow to the Darwinian fantasy of Evolution, and no evidence of inorganic evolution is known to geology. Weismann has especially insisted that the cosmogony of Laplace is the real basis of Darwinian Evolution. That cosmogony rests on the supposed igneous origin of the earth, which is discarded by even specialists in England. As Delage has well remarked, it is on political and moral grounds, and not on grounds of science, that even a specialist is Darwinian or Anti-Darwinian. As a matter of psychology, the distinction was well within the province of Samuel Butler, whose works have that stamp of genius which, even in fiction, was insupportable to Darwin. Ample biographical evidence proves the latter to be the product of three generations of believers in the creed of the land of Nod. By Eugenics it was expected that new conceptions of the nature of scientific truth might be insinuated in all the schools of England. Goethe had expressly insisted on the probability of at least two distinct origins of our race. The literary organ of Darwinism was inaugurated by a forged statement of the views of Goethe, which in the authentic edition of his scientific writings is conspicuously denounced by himself as a laughable caricature of his real opinions. As an instructive sample of the Decretals of Darwinism, this document has remained unchallenged during forty years.

The psychologist and the eugenist must recognize in English Darwinism the features of the most fanatical of creeds. The one official school of science was surreptitiously converted into a seminary of Darwinian lecturers under Huxley, selected on proof of indigence and ignorance, and paid to learn Darwinian theory and teach it officially or starve. The ruthless robbery of the authentic graduates of the transmuted institution was a mere example of what fanaticism will excuse. Without rest or haste, the entire English press has been induced to drop as dangerous and disgusting all critical explanation of what is labelled science. The public only know that two parties still exist who share the proceeds of public interest in an obvious comedy of discussion. The profits of science grow surprisingly under the ægis of Darwin's "good business head." School manuals are a gold mine if sufficiently destructive of every principle of inconvenient truth. Active co-operation in the worst features of the cheap demoralization of the trades union leaders is the best claim to a ministerial appointment. President Madero taught in Mexico the precise doctrines which have produced in England the crippling of national defences, with internal social war.

That the eugenics of Darwinism have cut the fibres of the English character might formerly have appeared indifferent to science. But the truth in Darwinism, as in the oldest rituals, assures the influence of practice on opinion, of which Darwin is the best example known. His fear and hatred of all adverse opinion dominates all Darwinian thought. The spirit of true sci-

ence seeks and welcomes all impressions different from dominant opinion. Its history is a record of martyrdom, and not of sudden fame and solid profit. In the catalogue of popular delusions alone can any parallel be discovered to the business record of Darwinism. In recommending, to all interested in the march of science, the perfectly readable and popular summary of Steinmann as the certain starting-point of the future biology and geology of Continental experts, the present writer would save to others the weary floundering amongst fallacies and forgeries which Darwinian prejudice has imposed. It is forgotten in England that the last of Huxley's kaleidoscopic confessions were to the effect that he had sacrificed science to "anti-clericism," and that the Evolution of his earlier teaching was a hellish fantasy to be resolutely fought. To accept it cordially, and systematically evade objections, was the psychologic consequence of three generations in the brain of Darwin. A similar ritual has already altered the psychology of the English mind, and inaugurated a "clericism" ruthless to the uncircumcized.

The British Review. *P. W. Stuart Menteath.*

ON A LITTLE CHALK-STREAM.

Chalk-stream men are not beloved always and everywhere. This seems a hard saying concerning any son of Izaak, but the fact cannot be denied. There are a good many possible explanations of this, among which might be reckoned the oil-bottle ("Pooh!"), the tin of grease ("Pah!"), the high-powered field-glasses ("Bah!"), and other objects which the plain man of north or west greets with exclamatory scorn. But there may be a worse cause of offence than these—the chalk-stream fisherman's mental attitude, and the manner in which he sometimes declares it.

Not all who fish in chalk-streams are to be labelled as chalk-stream men, for the complete angler is happy almost anywhere so long as he can fish, and he understands that essential values depend to a large extent on circumstances. But there is a type of man for whom the chalk-stream holds all that there is of trout fishing in a somewhat scantily furnished world. To such a man, placed by some chance in a hilly region where no chalk-springs enrich the rivers, the trout seem small, and when he sees them he at once says how small they are. He may even say how very small. Which naturally irks the proud possessor of the two dozen, and of two half-pounders which have wrestled their way to the top of the catch —a curious habit in half-pounders which invites the consideration of men of science.

Things might perhaps be forgiven and forgotten if the high-and-dry one stopped at that. Unhappily he cannot stop. The power of words is upon him, and he must continue though he be stoned out of that village—not that such a possibility would occur to him; he is blissfully unconscious of anything wrong. So he goes on in this fashion: "I've been catching and returning fish like that all day"; and he points to a very decent trout which weighs a good three ounces, the sort of trout that is useful in establishing the "four to the pound" average of which we hear so much. Of it your tactful man, who knows what is what, says, "Ah, a nice little quarter-pounder."

The chalk-stream man cannot, by reason of his preconceived ideas, be tactful about anything much under a pound, so he speaks of the three-ounce

fish as he finds it, and he finds it a fishlet. This is grievous, but it is odds that it will not be the whole of the trouble. Once his tongue is a-wag the misguided fellow is pretty sure to go from bad to worse, and he will almost certainly tell the other all about the Test. For a man whose record trout is one of a pound and a quarter from the Dibble (caught in 1893, but remembered as though it were yesterday) I can imagine nothing more infuriating than to be told "all about the Test" by a well-meaning stranger, whose idea of a trout of a pound and a quarter is of something on the border-line between the sizeable and the undersized. Consider how in such a telling three-quarter pounders are returned with a prodigal, though careful, hand. Pounders swim through the story as minnows through a culvert. Two-pounders riot in it. The three-pounder is dotted about, and the four-pounder is not altogether out of sight. The listener, growing red in the face with scarce-dissembled fury, asks himself what he has done to deserve this outpouring of mendacity. Is it that this person with the empty creel seeks to humiliate him, *him* the captor of two dozen weighing nearly six pounds?

Perchance he breaks away then and there. Perchance he is reduced to a kind of glaring immobility, in which he must listen to incredible stories of tiny hooks, of dense weed-beds and unintelligible jugglings with rod and line, of flies which float down the stream like vast fleets of little ships. In either case he is filled with active dislike for his tormentor, and takes the earliest opportunity of abusing him to a sympathetic audience. Meanwhile the chalk-stream man, good, earnest fellow, goes on his way happily conscious of an effort to spread the light in dark places. Next time he visits the Dibble, maybe, some of these local anglers will be using the dry-fly to the great improvement and refining of their sport, and blessing the name of the good angel whom they entertained unawares.

Of wilful purpose, of course, no chalk-stream man would so wring a brother's heart, but the lesson of comparative values must be hard learning for an angler who really does think in pounds and not in ounces, which may be the case if he frequents some of the best parts of the Test or Kennet. How shall he bring himself to joyful acquiescence in the standards of Exe or Barle? Not that the standards of Test or Kennet are necessarily final. I remember how a very quiet man, the satisfied exhibitor of a nice dish of quarter-pounders, listened politely to a longish dissertation on the marvels of chalk-stream fishing, and when it was finished asked, "Have you ever fished Loch Achanalt?" No, Loch Achanalt was not within his new friend's experience. So we had a few details about it, details running from about two and a half to six and three-quarter pounds, all caught on fly—some of them even, if I remember truly, on dry-fly. The narrative made some of us very discontented with our chalk-streams, at any rate for the moment.

Nor are the highest standards of Test or Kennet to be taken as typical of chalk-streams in general. An average weight of some two pounds is altogether exceptional. Most of the chalk-streams have done handsomely by the angler to whom they have given trout averaging a pound, while a two-pounder is to be considered a big fish, and a three-quarter-pounder as a rule one of lawful size. On the whole these streams show a considerable similarity in the weight of their trout, and presumably are much of a muchness as food-producers. Rivers so widely sundered as the Itchen and the Driffield Beck in Yorkshire would probably show very little difference in the average weight of a season's catch if complete

figures could be produced and compared.

In smaller streams a greater contrast is sometimes found. I know one little stream, now alas! sadly neglected and decayed, where, if it were well looked after, the average weight of the trout would be fully a pound and a half, perhaps even two pounds. I have had one fish of three pounds fourteen ounces from it, and once had another fish on for a quarter of an hour which was every ounce of five pounds. A disaster in the weeds ended that adventure, and at the time I should not greatly have cared if it had ended me too! In earlier days I believe the same stream has yielded one or two trout of considerably greater weight—trout which it seems hardly decent to mention when it is recorded that the water is nowhere more than about twenty feet in width, and in most places is hardly three feet deep. A nine-pounder in such a trickle seems as much out of place as a prize ox in a pigsty. There is an explanation, however, and that is that the stream is tributary to, and partly fed by the hatches of, a bigger river, and is used by some of the older fish at spawning time. Once up, they have some difficulty in getting back, and finding their quarters not uncomfortable they may stay there and grow to a ponderous age. I fancy that most of the little chalk-streams which contain really heavy trout owe something to the bigger river into which they run.

One of the prettiest streams in Hampshire has no such advantage, but winds safe to sea along its own bed. A more delightful chalk-stream in miniature no man could hope to find. It is like the Test writ very small, with all its features clear but tiny. There are intoxicated little ripples, sober little pools, contrary little eddies, turbulent little hatch holes, and all the rest of the scenery complete. The weed-beds are circumscribed but vigorous, the accumulations of mud insignificant yet definite, and in places the banks quake like their betters, while a man may subside into little quagmires just as he would in more important places. Happily he does not subside very far, so he gets a sense of adventure without undue risk or discomfort.

As the river, so the trout. They also are built on a small, though perfect, scale. Their average weight is about ten ounces; by that I mean the average weight of trout killed on the fishery which I have specially in mind. In some parts of the stream the average may be a little lower than this—half a pound perhaps. Nowhere, probably, is it very much higher. A pounder is looked upon as an achievement, and the biggest caught by any rod on the water in question during two seasons did not exceed a pound and a quarter.

Size, however, is not the only criterion of merit, and smaller trout often have qualities denied to big ones. That is certainly the case with these. If the two-pounders of the Test behaved with their impetuous vigor on feeling the hook, the diaries of Test fishermen would show much less imposing totals. It is on the whole fortunate that big fish in weedy waters are not given to acrobatics; otherwise they would seldom be landed with the little hooks and fine gut that dry-fly fishing makes necessary. It is not the trout that runs far and fast that is dangerous to the tackle, nor is the trout that dives into a weed-bed and stays there necessarily a lost fish; a gentle coaxing with a hand on the line itself will in most cases persuade him to come out again.

The really awkward opponent is the trout which goes off at a burst for six or seven yards, turns sharp to the left, going slap through a patch of weed, takes another burst straight up stream, turns to the right into more weeds,

dashes out on the other side, and finally comes to anchor, having, for greater security, taken two turns with the gut round a convenient rush. This—with certain modifications according to circumstances—is the customary procedure of the trout here. They are greatly helped by the nature of the stream, since they need never travel far to find some device for giving the angler pain. It follows therefore that their capture, when they are hooked, is anything but a certainty, which adds of course enormously to the interest of the game. It may be said, in fact, that these small fish are just as hard to land as their heavier brethren in bigger streams, and so are entitled to just as much respect.

If a man wants to make the most of the small fish in streams like this (for it is by no means the only one in the chalk-system) he can modify his tackle, or, at any rate, his rod. Nowadays the tacklemakers can fit you with miniature split-cane rods which might have been invented specially to match those miniature rivers, and the use of them certainly makes the fishing seem more important. Last season I took down, one day, a tiny rod of seven feet which weighs under three ounces. I intended to fish with it in a backwater which is so overhung with trees and so beset with bushes that a longer rod would not avail there. I found the toy to answer so well and to handle the fish so cunningly, that I afterwards took it to the more open water, and for the rest of the season used nothing else there. These tiny rods do not throw a long line of course, so they necessitate an extra amount of creeping and crawling in the approach of rising fish. As the dry-fly man ought to creep and crawl—it is part of the fun—that does not matter. A certain advantage is to be found in the delicacy with which such a rod responds to the movements of the fish; it may stop him from doing some of the more outrageous things that he has in his head, by making him think that his less elaborate devices are succeeding—till he finds, too late, that he has wasted his time and strength on futilities.

Expert dry-fly men generally counsel the novice to "bustle" his fish, to be as hard on him as the tackle will allow, and to get him to the net as quickly as possible. This is sound enough for some occasions, but not for all. Sometimes a trout may be hooked in a place where his escape is an absolute certainty if he chooses to put out his strength and exercise his speed. A little, clear pool with tree-roots or trailing brambles at its sides is such a place. Unless the angler's tackle is strong enough for a sheer pulling match, as it seldom is, his only chance is to play the trout as though the cast was made of cobweb, to yield to his every movement and humor his every whim. It is surprising how often and how quickly that treatment will bring the fish peacefully, and without fuss, to the net. With a small, light rod it is much easier to play a fish in this way than with a long, heavy one. The susceptibility of trout to gentle treatment shows that this violent behavior is due as much to shock and sudden alarm as to the fact that they have been hooked. If you have struck quietly and kept the lightest strain on afterwards, the fish seems to be hardly aware of anything wrong. If, however, you have struck hard and begun to pull hard, he becomes a violent opponent at once.

In one important feature our little chalk-stream differs from some of its peers—the difference is possibly more noticeable on this part of it than on others—and that is in the matter of fly, and the consequent rising of the fish. I should hardly like to say that fly was less plentiful, but it is certainly less concentrated. The time of the rise

is not nearly so well defined as on the Itchen, for instance, and it is not often that you could lay your hand on your heart and say, "Why, every trout in the stream is on the feed." On the other hand, it is not often that you could say with gloomy certainty, "Not a blessed trout is moving anywhere." For nearly always there is something moving, or willing to move, somewhere, and you can get rises at any time of day if you are persistent and alert. You can catch fish, moreover, by speculative casting in likely places, a method which is of doubtful value on the Itchen in most parts that I know.

This freer habit of the trout is wholly commendable to busy men whose fishing days are few, for it means that fewer hours are absorbed in mere contemplation. The catch may not be more numerous in the end—an Itchen rise is often a busy and crowded time—but it will have been more evenly distributed over the day, and that counts in the balance of enjoyment.

Why, it may be asked, is there such a difference in the habits of trout in two rivers not many miles apart? Several explanations may be given with some confidence. One is that the little river is rather shallow and rapid, a character which makes for greater alertness in its inhabitants. Another is the fact that its trout are smaller. Half-pounders are everywhere easier to rouse than fish of twice or three times their weight. But most important, I think, is the character of the food-supply. This little stream is certainly richer in "oddments" than a bigger one would be, or at any rate the oddments make a braver show and stimulate more fish. Plenty of beetles, caterpillars, crane flies, ants, and other irregular fare must reach the trout of a big river, but only as a rule those trout which lie close to the banks. In a narrow stream such as this, however, the fish which lie in the middle expect a share in the good things too, and no doubt get it. So the proportion of what may be called casual feeders is greater than in the bigger rivers, and the angler's chances are accordingly more numerous.

Where all is delightful it is hard to declare a preference for one bit of the stream over another. Looking back on the days of last season I get a series of precious memories, from the first day when I hurried down the great field which slopes from the church to the ford (on a very hot day you can bear to the right and have the grateful shade of an avenue of elms for most of the distance), to the last day in September when I hastened uphill along the road from the top of the water, not without misgivings as to the time left for catching the last train.

Near the ford, which is practically at the middle of the water, is the choicest spot for luncheon that Nature ever devised. Five big trees—chestnut, elm, ash, oak, and beech—there combine to ward off the sun, and there the stream, always in the shade, babbles round three sharp corners with the impetuous fuss of a mountain brook. With a brace in the creel, or without it, an angler could never fail in that spot of a divine content. Hard-boiled eggs, a crisp lettuce, bread and butter, and a bottle of amber ale a-cool in the water at his feet—what could appetite want better in so smiling "a corner of the world"?

And (let me but whisper it) if by lunch-time the creel is quite empty, and if a fish or two are urgently required for some kindly purpose, and if last night the evening rise was all sound, sight, and fury, signifying nothing, and if—but the fisherman knows these if's well enough to dispense with the list. Granting the if's, there is the stream rippling along under the boughs and over the gravel, as it had been in Dev-

onshire. What more natural than to respond to so obvious an invitation, and to see what a blue upright or Greenwell's glory may achieve fished wet down-stream? A wrong proceeding, I grant you, yet not without the palliation of difficulty, for the rod must be kept low and the line switched cunningly to avoid the overhanging boughs. And the fly must hang seductively in the eddy behind the ash-roots, must move convincingly across the stream, and must be made to tarry here, to hasten there. There is more in the wet-fly business than contemptuous prohibitions would seem to allow, especially in a place like this. And when the tug comes, and a fierce half-pound fish is gone away down-stream and round the corner, the angler vows, puffing and splashing after, that never did trout hooked on orthodox dry-fly make so fast a run or pull so hard. It is the not impossible two-pounder at last!

It is well that two anglers should be on the fishery together, because there is then no difficulty as to which part of the water it were best to visit. For two rods there is an obvious division into an upper beat and a lower. Alone, I sometimes knew fearful indecisions, and if, after much turning of the swift mind this way and that, I went up-stream, there would presently come a craving for the lower water. If my feet carried me to the bottom hatch where the boundary is, my heart would surely fly to the bridge right at the top where, close against the brickwork, would be rising that big one which I could always move and never catch. Positively to get full advantage of a very varied bit of fishing a man needs to be "two gentlemen rolled into one," but capable of unrolling at need.

If from the luncheon corner one goes up, one comes to the water which is perhaps most typical of a dry-fly stream, and the higher one goes the more tempting does it become. There are two little weirs, three bridges, and several stretches with a steady and smooth current where rises and flies can be easily seen. A good deal of the lower water is too swift and broken for comfort of vision, and frequently one has to guess at the exact position of one's fly. Even keen-sighted and experienced anglers probably have to do this more often than the beginner suspects, but they are never quite happy about it. It leads sometimes to distressing incidents. I shall never forget a vast Test trout which on a very windy day took my fly four several times. My eyes on each occasion were earnestly fixed on a natural fly which floated hard by the artificial, and on each occasion I found out the mistake just too late. A brisk ripple on the water made spotting the right fly a matter of sheer luck.

There are several very difficult bits on this upper water. In two or three places a willow leans across the stream, and under each is a deep hole with an eddy behind the trunk. Practically the trout in these strongholds are not to be caught. Occasionally one may be hooked by the arduous process of dibbling through the network of twigs, or by casting a very short line just over the tree-trunk up-stream. But an immediate retreat to the shelter of the roots very soon frees that trout, and probably teaches his fellows wisdom; at any rate, it is quite a rare thing even to get a fish on in these places.

Another difficult place is a delightful glide under some bushes on the far bank. The bed of the stream shelves gently here so that the water is only an inch or two in depth on this side and perhaps two or three feet on the other. For some reason connected with the light it seems almost impossible to get a fly to any rising fish in this piece without alarming him. No mat-

ter whether you crawl close to the edge or grovel out in the meadow, something—your head, your arm, the flash of the rod, or the curving line—is perceived by the trout, and he withdraws as quickly as may be. None the less the angler will certainly waste a lot of time here, because the place is so tempting to his eye.

For the sake of the basket it were wiser to go on a few hundred yards to a part of the stream which is somewhat deeper and formed into a succession of little runs and pools by beds of weeds. Here the trout are not easily scared, and when the fly is hatching they rise very freely, half a dozen or so in each pool and two or three in each run. At the first sight the angler says to himself, "Ha! they are delivered into my hand," and probably forms a resolution not to take too many. So simple and confiding a folk deserves chivalrous treatment. But when he has been pegging away for half an hour or so with no result but a few short and splashy rises his mind is altered. He desires, and desires very badly, to knock one or two of these fish on the head. The trouble here is what is called "drag." Owing to the irregular growth of weeds the current varies in pace with every few inches, and the result is that the fly is made to do all sorts of unnatural things. The drag *can* be overcome by very careful use of slack-line, but only after much study and experiment. One learns to regard a brace of fish caught in this reach as a solid and satisfactory hour's work.

It is not so very far from this point to the road bridge, which may be called the top of the water. Having attained to this, the angler commonly begins to think of tea, and of the little low-browed inn which may be reached in five minutes, or perhaps a little more, since the road winds up-hill, and waders and brogues make slow going. First, though, he must spread his elbows comfortably on the parapet and gaze into the deep pool below. Let me here tell the story of the great fish. It was "no fisher but a well-wisher to the game" (in Sir Walter Scott's phrase) who discovered the great fish, and who made, so to say, no small song about it, for it was creditable in a well-wisher to have detected a monster which the fishers had completely overlooked. So long it was (hands two feet apart), and it lay just to the right of the strongest stream, in the very deepest part of the pool. The fishers, much perturbed, at once set out to test the matter, for a two-foot trout is a six-pounder at the least. Sure enough there in the spot mentioned was a shape, broad and dark and obscure by reason of what Blackmore might have called the "nebules" in the water. "Golly" and "Great Scott," said the fishers, and they went away.

But at dusk for several evenings a stealthy figure would approach the pool from below, there would be a swishing in the air, and presently a sort of plop, as a sedge suitable to six-pounders hurtled on to the surface of the water. Nothing came of it, but every morning there was the dark form in its accustomed place to inspire new strategems and provoke fresh efforts. Then at last came a morning of bright sun and unusually low water—a mill above was perhaps holding the stream up for an hour or two. And the murder (it might almost be called that) was out. A child's toy boat lay waterlogged and derelict on the river-bed. Its lines were not at all unlike those of broad-backed trout, and a straggle of weed made a very passable tail. It was immediately evident that precious evenings had been wasted, and there was a sudden transference of affection from the upper to the lower water, where men were not mocked by *simulacra*.

For beauty the lower water could not compare with the upper, being almost destitute of trees, and open to sun and wind. But for interest it might be held superior. The main stream is somewhat swifter, rather deeper, a little narrower. Its fish are, maybe, an ounce or two heavier as a rule, and perhaps rather better fed. One remarkable trout, caught almost at the boundary, weighed a pound though it was only twelve inches long, an exceptionally deep, fat fish.

To me, however, the interest of the lower water lies not only in the main stream. Here the meadows are kept pretty constantly irrigated, "under water" as it is somewhat largely termed, and the result is that there are many carriers and sidestreams criss-crossed about. In most of these you may find trout, often bigger trout than are commonly to be caught in the river itself. The older fish of all chalk-streams seem to have a tendency to wander into the irrigation channels, where no doubt they get very good feeding of minnows, slugs, beetles, and other sustaining things. To me there is something very fascinating about these outliers, and fishing the carriers is a joy. These carriers are the more amusing because they are so tiny. Getting a three-quarter-pound trout out of a runnel two feet wide and eighteen inches deep is the queerest adventure. It is not orthodox fishing as a rule, for the fish seldom rise—there is no hatch of fly to speak of. But deft casting in the likely spots will often fetch up a fish whose existence was only hypothetical.

One day in one of these carriers I saw what looked like a dimple under a dockleaf. I put a ginger quill on the place, had an immediate rise, and then for about five minutes walked solemnly up and down in attendance on the biggest trout I ever hooked on the fishery. He never hurried himself, but cruised to and fro, and in the end the fly came away just as I was wondering whether it would be a matter for the taxidermist. I think that trout was a two-pounder, though, of course, estimates of lost fish are suspect by general consent, and it does not do to be rash. Anyhow, I can say without hesitation that I was filled with two pounds' worth of grief.

One of the two biggest fish I caught during the season was the result of long-continued efforts on what is known as the backwater—in reality a little side-stream which joins the river near the ford. Near the point of junction it is quite considerable, though almost without current. Here big trees shade it from the sun nearly all day, tall rushes grow along the bank, and the trout cruise about in droves lazily sucking in gnats, spinners, and other trifles, and occasionally splashing at the sedges which are tempted out by the subdued light. There are a couple of hundred yards of this still water, and one can easily spend a morning here peeping through the rushes and occasionally dropping a fly in front of a fish which comes within reach—they patrol the place like peaceful pickets. On a very hot day this waiting game is to be commended, and a brace of trout may be caught without too much hard labor.

Ordinarily the fish are no bigger than those elsewhere in the fishery, but one day I became aware of a mighty one which smacked great jaws as he fed, and made great commotions as he moved about. Presently I saw him, and he had fifteen or sixteen inches to his credit. And then I rose him and hooked him; the water heaved as he rolled over, and the fly came away. For several week-ends I pursued that fish in vain. He was sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. Occasionally he would make a pretence of rising, but he would

never really take a fly again till a day nearly at the end of July, when I overcame his caution by a trick which was probably very wrong. I put on a fly with a long straggling hackle and placed it before him. He came, looked, mocked, and went away. I withdrew the fly and waited for some minutes till he returned on his beat. Then I cast it in front of him, and as he came to look again twitched the point of the rod ever so slightly. The fly waggled on the water, the fish perceived that here was something which had life and movement, opened his mouth wide, closed it—and in due course weighed one pound three ounces. Without prejudice, he should have weighed a pound and a half.

Higher up, the backwater gets smaller and smaller till at last it has no obvious existence at all. Its course is absolutely choked with coarse rushes and other vegetation, and most of the little pools are screened with impenetrable bushes and protected by drooping boughs. Yet in some of the clear spots there are trout, and good ones. I used occasionally to get one here and there at the expense of scratches from thorns, stings from nettles, an aching back, and very undignified attitudes.

It was not bad fun, but it was laborious, so one day early in June I decided to make the place fishable, and put in some perspiring hours with a billhook, a saw, and an iron rake. By tea-time there was a real improvement visible, and for nearly half a mile the stream was approachable at regular intervals. Alas, for human aspirations! A month later when I inspected the water things were worse than ever. I could not get a fly on to it anywhere. The nettles, rushes, bushes, and trees had acquired so mighty an impetus from my pruning that they had combined to choke the little stream altogether. Perhaps it was not the pruning, but the power of growth which is natural in the valley of a chalk-stream.

I do not resent my defeat by incensed Nature. The experience in retrospect is even pleasant, for it blends with the other impressions given by a season on a Hampshire river, all of them testifying to the wonder and beauty of life. Nowhere in England could one get impressions more varied or more vivid. The plovers which made a routine business of trying to persuade one to leave the lower meadow, where they had family affairs; the little company of stoats which one day played like kittens round a broken hatch board; the tiny dabchick which had just left its shell, and seemed in danger of drowning till a landing-net rescued it, and helped it to a patch of weeds; the friendly cart-horses and placid cows—all these things combine with the flowers, bees, butterflies, and other lesser creatures to make up a rich feast for memory.

Fair sights, sweet sounds, the scent of may or meadowsweet, and a clear river rippling in golden sunshine—has life anything better to give?

H. T. Sheringham.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE MAN WHO BURNT HIS CRUCIFIX.

(Concluded.)

After three weeks I returned to Dublin. The evening was cold and foggy, and I made haste to reach the shop on the quays. Crawford was at the door as I went in.

"You are welcome, sir," he said in the kindly Irish way.

I asked whether Kernahan were in.

"Yes," he answered, and looked at me strangely. I went up the stairs with

joy in my heart and a greeting on my lips. When I opened Kernahan's door, the room was almost in darkness. The fire was low. I could only just see a man's form bent over it. Somehow the joy of return died in me at that moment. I put my hand on his shoulder and shook him affectionately.

"Demetri," I said, "are you so far away in Greece that you can't come back to welcome me?"

He did not answer for a moment.

A sort of fear took hold of me then. There are terrors that lurk in the dark places of life. I believe they are always there, ready to leap upon us from their ambush. An old childish dread awoke suddenly in my mind, the dread that from a familiar and well-loved face strange, fierce eyes should look at me. I believe that many children know this fear. As a child I have watched my mother as she lay asleep, or as she sat sewing, with a terror lest she should look up at me suddenly and some malignant spirit peep out at me from her eyes.

This old fear, asleep for many years, leapt at me in the darkness.

Then Kernahan spoke.

"I have not been in Greece," he said very quietly; "I have been in hell."

"You are out of sorts, that's all. You should go away. Have you finished the cup?" I asked as cheerfully as I could.

"Oh! yes; it's over there on a table."

I lighted the gas, found the finished cup, and looked at it for a long while.

"It is all I thought and more," I exclaimed. "Oh! Demetri, there's not a craftsman like you in the world."

He made no answer. He remained in the same crouching attitude over the fire.

In the light I felt more cheerful. The panic of childish terror that had seized me for a moment seemed wholly absurd now. I poked the fire, laid the supper, and made the coffee and an omelette.

Kernahan came to the table and sat opposite to me. He was very pale, and his eyes, when he raised them for a moment to mine, were full of hopeless misery.

Although he was my friend, I shrank from him. The change in him was so startling that he seemed to me another man.

"To-morrow," I said at last, "I shall take you to a doctor, Demetri, there's something up. You're overworked. What have you been doing since I left you?"

"I am not ill."

"Then what is the matter?"

"If I told you, Jack, you wouldn't understand. We have words for the disease of the body, none for that of the soul."

"Tell me," I said; "you know what your friendship means to me, Demetri. Let me stand by you."

He raised his miserable eyes to mine, and looked at me as an animal in pain looks when it craves for human help.

"Will you stand by me?" he asked.

My will wavered when he looked at me. How can I tell you what I felt? I was like a weak, timid swimmer who is asked to save a drowning man.

"You know I will," I answered; but I knew that he, too, had discerned that consciousness of weakness.

He went to the fire again.

"Oh! I'm better now," he said; "when you're here, I—I am safer. Will you read to me?"

I read to him for two or three hours. It was late then. I had heard Lawson run upstairs, whistling as he went. His door had banged behind him. And I had wished with an inexplicable desire that Lawson would come to us in Demetri's room.

"You'll be turning in now," I said; "you need a good sleep."

"I cannot sleep," he said; "I shall stay here by the fire."

"Do you read?" I asked.

"No; Crawford turns off the gas before he goes to bed. I don't think I have any candles."

He bent over the fire, and I turned to go. I knew I was a coward. But fear had me again. I longed to be by myself.

"You might turn out the gas before you go," he said.

I did as he asked, then went to the door.

He spoke to me suddenly out of the darkness.

"Jack."

"Yes."

"Have pity and stay with me tonight. I—I daren't be alone—it would be a comfort to feel someone, someone human, was near me. It would make me feel as if I had some hold on the world."

I shut the open door and came back to him. It was a great effort of the will, for it seemed to me that the comfortable, everyday world lay beyond the shut door, and that within the room phantasmal fears and nightmare made real things vague and far off.

I sat down beside him, but I found nothing to say. The house was quite silent now. I wondered if Lawson were asleep in the room overhead.

Presently Demetri spoke.

"Pull your chair nearer to mine," he said, "or the child will touch you."

"What child?"

"The hunchback child who stands on the bridge sometimes. He comes every night. His face is so pale that I think he must be dead, but he keeps his eyes fixed on me—they all do; I know they want something, but they do not speak."

"What are the others?" I asked in a whisper.

"Oh! you know them," he said. "I have seen them going about the town—but I wouldn't look, for they seemed a blasphemy against life. They should be shut up and not let to show their hideousness and misery—there's a woman——"

"Yes."

"We saw her outside the Carmelite Church once. She has lupus, you know. Her face is terrible. She should not show it, should she? But she comes, too, every night—and she crouches there by the fire—near the child——"

"Do you see her now, Demetri?"

"Yes, she is watching me. I think she is listening. I try not to see her—but I can't help it. She wants something, I believe, but I dare not ask her. Why do they all come to me, as though I had robbed them of something?"

I tried to speak, and could not for a moment.

"But they are not real," I said; "they are just delusions of your own overworked brain, Demetri. You must set your will to fight against them."

He stared at me, and I flinched before his eyes.

"They are real—as real as we are," he answered; "perhaps they have come from hell. I don't know—for I think they pray—and I can't. They say that there's a heaven—there's a hell, too; Jack, I am in hell now."

He turned and looked towards the door.

"That man," he said, "who is dragging himself over the floor towards us is the one we saw outside the theatre one day. He begged, do you remember? He was so foul, so horrible, such an incarnate horror of deformity I wouldn't look at him. You gave him sixpence—" he paused, and then he laughed—"as though sixpence could make up for a body like that!"

"Where is he?"

"He's here beside me. I think if he touches me I shall go mad."

I rose to my feet. My love for Kernahan was paralyzed by fear. His misery had cast some awful spell over me. I felt I could not stay.

"I will call someone," I said.

He caught my hand.

"No, no, Jack. Stay with me. I cannot be alone with them. Their eyes are killing me—you are my friend; you loved me when I was sane—before I was drawn into this carnival of disease and death. Save me somehow—tell me of your God—the old gods have deserted me—I've called to them, to Pan and to Dionysus, but they will not come—only these—these creatures come to show me their disease and misery. You said you were a Christian—perhaps your Christ can deliver my soul from hell."

He clung to my hand, moaning; but I could not speak for the terror that was all about me. I struggled with it, but there was no strength in me. I had no comfort for him. His terror only quickened my terror to fierce desperate panic. His very touch was horrible to me. I shook him off. I left him.

Like a child terrified by nightmare, I stumbled up the dark stairs and flung myself against Lawson's door.

"Come in," he called.

Shivering and breathless I stood before him. He was kneeling at a prayer-desk near his bed. One candle made a little light behind him, and illumined the cheap plaster crucifix over his head. He was a quiet man, not easily moved from the sober method of his ways. He looked at me in surprise. Then he rose from his knees, came to me, took me by the shoulders, pushed me into a chair, and brought me some water.

"Drink that," he said, very quietly, "then draw a good breath and try to tell me what has happened."

His perfect calm influenced me. Here was a force strong as the terror that had brought me to him in sobbing panic.

I told him all that I have told you. I told him, too, the story of the burnt crucifix, and of Kernahan's defiance of the cross.

Lawson listened in silence. Then he went to his bedside and detached the crucifix from its nail. He went towards the door, but I caught his arm.

"Don't go, don't go," I cried; "you can't go to him. You don't know what it is to be in that room. It is like being in hell. Stay here with me and pray if you can."

Lawson looked at me, then smiled in his slow, gentle way.

"I think you'd better go to bed and try to sleep, Mr. Grier. I'll stay with Mr. Kernahan all night, if he'll let me. There is no need for you to be so frightened. Try and pull yourself together."

Still I held him back. "It may drive you mad," I said.

"No, it will not drive me mad. Remember St. Patrick's hymn:

The word of God to give me speech,
The hand of God to protect me,
The way of God to prevent me,
The shield of God to shelter me,
The host of God to defend me.
Against the snares of demons—
Against every man who meditates injury to me.

Now let me go to him."

Lawson pushed me from him, shut the door, and went downstairs. I heard him opening Kernahan's door and closing it again.

The night passed. I did not try to sleep. I knelt by Lawson's bed listening to the faint sounds in the room below, the monotonous murmur of voices. Sometimes one was raised loudly. I thought it was Kernahan's, and sometimes there was a long silence.

It was a little before dawn that, in the room below, I heard a great cry, the cry of a soul in peril of death. I

went out and groped my way downstairs and into Kernahan's room. There was light there, for two candles stood on the mantelpiece.

Before me, on the ground, lay Kernahan, face downwards. Lawson knelt beside him, the crucifix raised in his right hand.

As I came in, Lawson turned slowly and looked at me. His face was the face of a man who has looked upon the Divine Vision. I think for a moment he did not know me. When I cried out at the sight of Kernahan, he spoke to me:

"It is all right," he said; "please go and tell Crawford, if he is at the door, that there is no cause for fear, and then come back to me."

I found Crawford shivering in the passage. When he heard Lawson's message he crossed himself, and said: "Thank God!" and went off to bed, his heelless slippers flapping as he walked.

I returned to Kernahan's room. I was conscious of that peace which one may feel at seeing one long in agony wrapped in the stillness of death.

"He is dead?"

"No," said Lawson; "he is not dead. But I think he will die. Help me to put him to bed. I will stay with him for the rest of the night, but you must take care of him to-morrow. There is nothing to fear; I will call on the doctor on my way to the office."

"You can't go to the office after a night like this?"

"Yes, indeed; why not, Mr. Grier? Now, let us lift him up."

Some instinct made me obey Lawson unquestioningly. I returned to my room and slept for an hour; then I went to Kernahan, and Lawson took breakfast in his own room before he started for the office.

Kernahan was asleep when I went in, his face turned to the wall. Lawson had been tidying the room in his own inimitable style. He had arranged everything symmetrically, and hidden the great carved bowl behind a curtain. The fire burnt brightly, and about the whole room there was an atmosphere of peace and hope. After a while the doctor came. I told him of the almost ceaseless work and energy that had resulted in something that I described as madness. There was nothing very strange in such a case, and I knew before the doctor said it that Kernahan was dying. A man does not go through the darkness of darkness and live.

After the doctor left, there was silence for a long while, broken only by the crackle of the fire and by the cheerful morning noises of the household. I went to Kernahan's bedside and looked down at him. His face was that of a dying man. In his right hand he held Lawson's crucifix pressed against him. As I looked at him he opened his eyes, and smiled when he saw me there.

"I'm dying," he said.

"Yes, Demetri. You are not afraid?"

"No. But there are things which must be done. You are my friend, Jack; you must help me."

Then the remembrance of how I had failed him came upon me with a great shame. He saw it in my face.

"That was my fault, too," he said; "but you will help me now, and that will be your punishment."

He gave me directions about all his possessions. A few were to go to Crawford and Lawson and me, and the rest were to be sold for the good of certain charities.

"My portfolios are to go to Lawson, Jack."

"To Lawson? But he knows nothing of art. Give them to me, Demetri. You know how I shall prize them."

"I know it. Lawson may give you two or three pictures. If they were yours, you would want the world to have them, too; I mean to leave noth-

ing of myself behind; perhaps I may take with me certain knowledge, certain skill into my new life; but the man who has lived here is to be forgotten."

"We shall never forget you."

"I know it."

Then he made me look through a case, till I found this crucifix which I have shown you to-night, and he said to me what I have said to you. "This is the greatest symbol, for it is the symbol both of joy and of sorrow." And he gave it to me, and I promised to wear it always and to remember the symbol.

After a little while he asked me to bring him the carved cup.

He held it in his hands and looked at it, turning it this way and that.

"It is perfect," he said.

"Yes."

"But the noblest art is imperfect, because it can never realize its ideal."

"Demetri, what shall I do with the cup?"

"I will tell you. You must break it up and burn it—now—before me."

"I cannot do that. It would be sacrilege."

"Then you are not my friend."

"I am, but I love you and I love your work. How can I burn it?"

"You must burn it, as I burnt the crucifix, but in another spirit."

"But why should it be destroyed, this beautiful thing? It is not evil, and all your genius, your very life, have gone into the making of it."

Kernahan raised himself a little, and spoke eagerly; his eyes were fixed upon me, and I listened, fascinated by him as I had been from the first.

"I'll tell you why you must burn it," he said; "or, I'll try to tell you. You know what happened last night—I suppose it was last night, it seems a lifetime ago. You don't know, pray God you may never know, the darkness in which my soul lay then. I had denied the only power that could save it.

"When I burnt the crucifix I defied the power of Christ. Of course, a crucifix is only an emblem; it has not power in itself. But the thing signified has the power—and I defied that.

"I refused to see misery, to look at disease and death, to face their very existence. I would not believe in a God who Himself felt that misery as only divine nature could feel it. I wanted the old joyful gods back. Ah! I was blind. I would not see. And the misery was there in every street of the town, in every hospital, in every workhouse—everywhere—everywhere—crying out for a God who has conquered death and disease and pain—not by ignoring them, but by suffering all things Himself."

"And the people you saw—you thought you saw—last night?"

"They had come to me for comfort—and I could not give it to them. The emblem of their help was the crucifix I had burned. And their need became mine. God abandoned me to the misery of a world without God: There is no time in hell—a moment there can hold a lifetime of horror. I can't describe to you the state of a soul adrift from God. If you had ever known the agony of drowning, you'd know in the physical sense what I suffered. It was like that when—when——"

He paused, and I knew the rest.

"When I left you?" I said.

"Yes—but don't blame yourself—perhaps I'd taken God from you, too."

"And then Lawson came?"

"I suppose so. I was drowning, and a hand took mine and saved me. I'm sure I made an effort to reach it, that my will turned to the divine will. Even God can't save a man who won't be saved."

Kernahan's eyes blazed with all the old life and joy that had been his when I first knew him. "And now I know," he said, "that the greatest God

is the God Whose face had no beauty 'that we should desire Him,' and yet Apollo is not so beautiful, nor Mars so brave, nor Pan so mighty as He."

"But why should He make you burn your beautiful cup?" I asked, for that dismayed me.

"No, He doesn't command it, but—but I wish it. Oh! Jack, you must help me. I burnt His symbol; I defied Him. My sacrifice to Him shall be the most beautiful thing I have. I know the idea of it is indestructible; that is His, too; but the form of it shall be burnt."

"Wait till Lawson comes back," I said.

"No—no. I may not live till then; he knows it. Jack, you and Lawson must be friends all your life long. But now do as I tell you, burn the cup."

I knew I must obey him. I knew that this was the finest action he had ever done. I made up the fire till it burned fiercely. Then I put the carved cup upon it. It seemed to me that I officiated at some great significant sacrifice.

I knelt by the fire watching the beautiful thing burn and crumble. At the last a little blue flame leapt up round the embers of the carving. The sacrifice was consummated.

I turned towards Kernahan. He was lying back amongst the pillows. His face was peaceful, so peaceful that I thought he slept. The feet of the crucified Christ of Lawson's crucifix were pressed to his lips. I saw that he was dead.

. . . . . .

There was silence for a while when my friend had finished his story, and I heard again the roar of the water over the weir, and the calling of the corn crakes, and a little rustle of wind-blown leaves.

"And Lawson?" I asked.

"Lawson is my dearest friend. He is head clerk in the same office where he worked long ago—he is still a Philistine. But I believe it is true that the nature of Christ is manifested in certain men and women now in our own day. I believe that they through His power have a strength we rightly call super-natural, and that evil things know them and tremble. Such a man is Lawson."

He rose, and I followed him into the house.

W. M. Letts.

The Irish Review.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE.

Unreflecting posterity may find it a little difficult to take quite seriously the banqueting and oratorical displays by which Great Britain and the United States celebrate a hundred years of peace. That two great Christian nations, so nearly related in blood, language, and institutions, should congratulate themselves so vehemently upon not lifting murderous hands against one another for so long a period, will seem a curious commentary upon the level of civilization attained in the early twentieth century. It will seem much as if a man should invite his friends upon each birthday to rejoice with him that during a whole year he had not once been charged with a criminal offence, or should make a boast of his morning wash. But it will not seem so strange to those who bear in mind how every nation emerges slowly into civilization, trailing clouds of barbarism from its brutal past. Still less inappropriate will these rejoicings seem to those who realize the bitter legacy of hate and suspicion towards this country which rankled in the

minds of most Americans during the earlier part of last century. It took more than a generation to forget the British policy of commercial prohibition which led to the war of 1812; and the burning of Washington by a British fleet in 1814 left an ineffaceable mark upon the pride of a new nation. De Tocqueville, writing twenty years later, records his impressions thus: "On ne saurait voir de haine plus envenimée qui celle qui existe entre les Américains des Etats Unis et les Anglais." If the feeling was stronger on their side than on ours, this was chiefly due to the enormously larger part which the War of Independence and this more recent conflict played in their brief and confined history than in our longer and more enlarged scope of national activities. Whole generations of boys and girls in American schools were fed upon resentment towards Britain, and the early social intercourse between members of the two nations helped rather to exacerbate than to assuage the feeling. An interesting book by a well-known American writer, Mr. Graham Brooks, entitled "As Others See Us," records the extraordinary series of misrepresentations of American life and manners by which ill-bred British visitors, sometimes of literary distinction, repaid the hospitality for which then, as now, Americans were famous. The self-assertiveness and patriotic boastfulness which foreigners used to find a leading American characteristic was, of course, a natural feature in a people striving to cultivate self-confidence, and sensitive to every sign of what Lowell called "a certain condescension in foreigners."

But a good deal of ill-feeling can animate nations as well as individuals without any danger of their flying at one another's throats if they live three thousand miles apart. What makes our Hundred Years' Peace a real achievement is the fact that during all this time an important section of the British Empire has lain stretched across the North of the United States with several thousand miles of undefended frontiers. No fortresses or garrisoned towns protect this frontier upon either side. No warships patrol the chain of lakes extending half across the continent. The adherence to this peaceful arrangement has not always been so easy as it seems. For during the century there have been several occasions when the menace of war between the United States and this country has been very real. Until comparatively recent times it was considered by a large section of Americans a part of their "manifest destiny" to absorb the country across the Northern border, peacefully no doubt if possible, but forcibly if necessary. Accepting the ordinary code of national conduct, it might reasonably have been expected that some quarrel should arise, some conflict of interest, which should afford a plausible pretext for putting into execution a plan that seemed so simple and so feasible. There have, indeed, been several occasions connected with the adjustment of frontiers that might quite easily have ripened into a conflict. Canadians have often bitterly complained of the failure of this country to support what they considered their just territorial rights. The Ashburton Treaty of 1842 allowed the State of Maine to run like a wedge into the heart of "Canadian territory." Four years later, a similar concession was made on the Pacific coast. Canadians regarded the conduct of England during the Washington negotiations of 1871 as one of abject submissiveness, and the results of the recent Alaska Boundary Commission roused hot feelings of resentment against the use of Canada to buy the goodwill of the United States.

It cannot, however, be said that any of these occurrences seriously endan-

gered the peace of 1814. It was far different in 1864, when Englishmen believed that it was the express intention of the Federal Government, should it succeed in crushing the Secession, to launch its triumphant army upon Canada, partly to avenge itself upon the Southern sympathies manifested prominently in this country, partly to satisfy the national lust of conquest. Few Englishmen even now realize how near we were at one time to accepting the invitation of Louis Napoleon to join in an expedition to rescue the Slave States and to crush the Federal forces. The revival of ill-feeling and distrust of Britain then aroused, was not wholly dissipated even by the "Alabama" settlement, signal triumph for peace as that was. Dying down through the 'seventies and 'eighties, it was roused to a brief flicker of violence by the Venezuela incident in 1895. Since that time, however, there has been a continuous strengthening of amity and a growing capacity for co-operation between the two Governments and peoples. One incessant source of irritation in the American system still lingers, though shortly, we hope, to be removed. The Irish element, powerful not merely by its numbers, but by its political influence throughout America, has been implacable in its hostility towards Great Britain. The assuagement of this animosity will be not the least valuable fruit of the Home Rule settlement. It is a source of deep satisfaction that, amid such difficulties, the friendship of the two great English-speaking nations should have attained such solid strength as is manifested by the present celebration. When Irish ill-will is eliminated for the future, we believe that the active friendship and fruitful many-sided co-operation between the British Empire and the United States may become a chief instrument of peace among the other nations of the earth.

The Nation.

ACCESSORIES.

I had occasion the other day to turn out an old box which had lain for years in a lumber-room, in which some one had from time to time put away things which I had ceased to use. This was long enough ago for me to have forgotten completely what the box contained, and when I opened it, and began to discover its contents, it was like a journey back into time. I found, as it were, layers of my former self, some of them very early indeed; and the material of these layers was chiefly composed of the accessory rubbish which accumulates round some hobby or interest. The first thing I came upon was a motoring layer—goggles, gloves, road-books, and the like. Then a war layer, dating from my war-correspondent days in South Africa—odds and ends of weapons, maps, spurs, filters, and articles of camp equipment. Then there was a photographic layer, consisting of a number of printing frames, chemicals, and elaborate devices for taking perfect photographs, and along with them, spotted and fading even in the darkness of the trunk, were some of the truly lamentable results of my effort. Lower down still were indications, dim and fragmentary, but conclusive, of a cycling period—clips, a tin of some patent fraud for imitating silver-plating, a device for expanding forks, and a map; and at the very bottom evidences of another and much earlier and cheaper photographic period, where the fragments were on a very small and inexpensive scale, and less remotely con-

nected with the actual processes of crude photography. All these deposits represent interests and occupations which have waxed and waned. And, although there is nothing which appears so absolutely worthless as the accessories, extinct as an old love, of an abandoned hobby, yet it is always wise to keep them, for one never knows when oneself or some one else afterwards may come round to them again. At the moment I do not possess a motor-car or a bicycle, and my interest in military equipment has ceased to be a personal one. On the other hand, I have just started on a new period of photography; I am in the act of accumulating an entirely new set of impedimenta, and am even capable of taking an indulgent and patronizing interest in the obsolete accessories of five years ago.

There are men and women to whom the chief interest of anything lies, not in its centre, but in its circumference; and who at heart really care more for the accessories of some sport, or hobby, or work than for the thing itself. I confess to being one of these people. There is evidently a huge number of us, because vast departments of commerce batten upon us, and on the foundation of our voracious appetite has been built up the modern science of newspaper advertising. We seldom excel in any of our occupations; that is another matter altogether, reserved, as a rule, for the man whose equipment of implements is of the very simplest, although of the best. But for me the mere doing of the thing is nothing; it is the extent to which the doing of it can be complicated and diluted by the employment of complementary machinery that has always appealed to my immoderate fancy. Thus, when at school I learnt carpentry—I was all agog for it until a complete set of tools had been purchased; then my interest rather evaporated. Failing actual accessories, printed matter will, to some extent, satisfy an appetite like this, and when I have bought a dog and equipped him with collar and lead, and found that there has been little more scope in this direction, I have fallen back on various works upon the management and breeding of dogs. When I had a horse I haunted the saddlers and the corn merchants, and ran riot in currycombs, body-brushes, blankets, headstalls, and hoof-polish. In my motoring days my car was more like a Christmas-tree than a car, so many things were fastened upon it; and as for photography, although I could never take a decent photograph, there was hardly a chemical, or a kind of dish, or a device for handling prints, or a pattern of mount that I had not tried. Within a fortnight of my beginning the game of golf I had read eight books on the subject and possessed about a score of clubs. So advanced is my taste for accessories that I am even capable of that advanced form of the appetite which consists in an appreciation of the accessories of some occupation of which one is entirely ignorant; so that I have found myself in idle moments gazing with the eye of desire upon collections of copper utensils for the use of cooks, and on various powders, pastes, and implements connected with cleaning with which the windows of a certain kind of shop are filled.

The first necessity, both to the accessory-monger and to the victim of the habit, is a catalogue. Whether your hobby be the collection of postage-stamps or the keeping of ferrets, a catalogue is the first thing to have. There you find set forth the different kinds of mounts and albums to which the stamps can be set, the different kinds of hutches and food utensils which the ferrets can use. What gardener does not know the joys and temptations of the catalogue with its

glowing descriptions of trees and plants? What though, when they arrive, they appear as almost indistinguishable little bundles of mud? It is their printed description that matters. Brooms and brushes, too, are things which are very attractive accessories in any hobby, whether it be gardening or painting; and they come into a great many. There is no hobby so humble that it has not got its parasite host of accessory-providers, each with his catalogue. You would hardly think, for example, that there would be much room for the indulgence of this passion in connection with goldfish; yet I can assure you from experience that the possession of a tank of fishes led in my case just as surely to the accumulation of accessories as the possession of a motor-car. Even the aquarium man had a catalogue—a mean document and ill-spelled, but enough to account for all my pocket-money for the time being. I remember two entries in it to this day: "Hot-water grown Valisneria, 2d. a bunch; monster bunch, 3d."; and "Water-beetle, Dityscus, rows himself like a boat, 6d." I suppose the humblest of all hobbies is the keeping of birds; yet the man who keeps a few linnets is catered for, not only in catalogues, but in a whole mass of contemporary journalism called the "Fancy Press," in which his appetite is stimulated by the announcement of a new line of "tin drinkers, 4d. a dozen"; "cock larks, 8d., 9d.; fierce in song, 1s.; giants, 1s. 3d."; or "Hartz Mountain canaries, bold birds, guaranteed cocks, not half hens, very fierce in song, day-light or gaslight"—to say nothing of an endless variety of inexpensive rubbish in the form of foods, medicines, perches, nests, cages, and implements made of wire and pottery.

Well, and why not? We can only live once, and the more we live the better; and I find upon examination that the passion for accessories is only an expression of a passion for life. Not to follow up those engaging byways of temptation is to miss a great deal of agreeable and accidental information and knowledge of the kind that makes life full and interesting. You can press the button of your camera and send your films to be developed and remain unenlightened; but if you equip yourself with half its accessories, photography will lead you far into the sciences of physics and chemistry. If you have a horse and some one to look after him you need not occupy yourself very much about his needs; but if you have this interest in accessories and take a pleasure in thinking, not how little, but how much, you can do towards making your horse's stable a kind of shrine, it will not only bring you nearer to him and make you understand him better, but it will make you understand a great many other things, such as the rotation of crops and the working of leather. In short, accessories are the circumference of the circle of which the thing itself is the centre; they are leads and links which take us out from ourselves (and at our own expense) into the surrounding life of the world.

Filson Young.

The Outlook.

THE FLATTERY OF MEMORY.

Optimism is the only trustworthy substitute for luck in the obtaining of happiness, and it is no more within the power of the individual to be optimistic than to be lucky. Absence of the habit of hope is almost equivalent to absence of positive happiness, but it is not quite. Even the man who has no luck

and is a natural pessimist may have a good deal of happiness if he will deliberately look behind him and take pleasure in the possession of the past. He will find he has compensations—will find, we mean, that he has something which the lucky optimist has not got. Memory tells a tale almost as flattering as hope, and, oddly enough, it is seldom given to one human being to listen to the cajoleries of both. The man exceptionally gifted with hope has very often no treasure but hope, or none that he gives attention to. His very assurance that things wil be better proclaims his indifference to their past goodness. It is true that to the optimist the past never gives a precedent for despair. A cynic might say that one reason for this is that the past is never very clear in his mind. He forgets the things that are behind, and does not see, or at any rate does not love to contemplate, the subtle influence of the passage of time upon the memory.

As we look back the details of the years rearrange themselves before our eyes. Their proportions alter. They are selected, emphasized, or subordinated in accordance with the canons of a mysterious but consummate art. Memory does not lie any more than great painters lie, but it is not a photographic plate—unless, perhaps, in a literal sense. It could far more truly be likened to a picture than to a photograph. In it we see interpretations of character and of nature, and there alone we can study that strange pictorial composition which relates the items of this disjointed life.

Childhood can never be quite truly represented in written words. The flattery of memory forbids the possibility. That is why its outward conditions have improved more slowly than the outward conditions of grown-up people. Memory eliminates all the boredom and most of the suffering from the picture, or so transforms them as to turn weariness into peace and pain into something we may smile at—not with amusement, perhaps, but with a tenderness not far removed from humor. Parents tend to submit their children to all the trials which they themselves went through because those trials have been transformed by memory. Homesickness in the past enhances the picture of the home which is in the past also, and sorrow enshrined in the memory only emphasizes the love whose loss was its cause or whose consolation was its cure. Dull gray hours when the schoolroom clock would not move throw up the minutes emblazoned by enjoyment. But when all is said, it is not childhood which stands most in need of alleviations, and the flattery of memory is precious when the power of enjoyment grows less.

Again, as we get older what curious tricks memory plays with time! A dull year and a delightful week exchange proportions. Is it really, we wonder, only a week that we spent in that companionship or in that place? The facts and the truth seem to be at variance. Did that emotion fill only a few moments which could be called "now"? We know for certain that some gnawing fear, some ghastly foreboding, was with us by our bed and by our table, lurking behind our every thought for perhaps a year. Looking back, the year seems no longer than the minute of joy when good news did away with fear, or the stunning blow which ended the suspense. Even where the pain is never healed that blessed dramatic sense which seems to appeal alike to simple and complicated natures comes in to harmonize the fearful facts, and regroup them into a whole which in the end may become dear to us. There are many old people who say that they have come to feel that all experience is precious, and that they desire to ex-

punge nothing which they remember. It is noticeable that the study of history is never considered a depressing study, whereas what is called realistic fiction, which is no more horrible, and certainly less true, is to some persons unbearably distressing. Even what we may call corporate memory flatters us.

With regard to our recollection of people, the effect of memory upon the judgment is very strange. Memory accentuates the individuality of those we recollect; it does not change it. Even in serious reminiscences we see it set down that there is less individuality than heretofore. The inherent unlikelihood of the statement seems not even to strike philosophers. Rudolf Eucken enlarges freely upon this theme. There is no doubt that the people we remember are more sharply outlined as to character than those we know still. The great artist Time has completed their portraits—we do not mean has sunk their imperfections like some weak and insipid biographer, but has shown their personalities in truer proportions than was possible in the kaleidoscopic present. Of course, it is easy to say cynically that this is only a sentimental method of accounting for the fact that even those with good memories forget a great deal, and only half the truth remains with the man who remembers. There are experiences, however, which would suggest that this ultra-common-sense view is superficial. For instance, memory makes for justice. As we look back we see there was a good deal to be said on the side we once thought so indefensible. The haze of partisanship is cleared off. We know what So-and-so really meant, and we know that we, as the saying is, "took him up wrong." Memory develops judgment, reflection is wisdom, and what is judgment but a power to see the truth in proportion?

Even if much that we remember is sad, it is sadness with a limit. It was bad, but it was bearable; while the future has never given its last blow, and often there is more assurance to be drawn from reminiscence than from prescience. But however resolutely we turn our backs, we yet cannot forget the future. The contemplation of the past, when all is said, is simply a search for that hope which some of us can never see in front of us. The process of glorification which the past is continually undergoing is full of benevolent suggestion. The philosophers are always telling us that when a thing is done it is done. It is a fact for ever, and must inevitably have its consequence. This is true logically, but practically things are never done. The process of change is always going on. As we look back we can hardly get away from the conclusion that things are getting a little better. If the record remains with us in some other world, it will not, we should imagine, be a mere schedule of events and sensations, but a story in which the artist in us all plays a part. Some imagination is necessary if we are to see very deeply into either the past or the future, and less imagination will serve the man who looks behind than the one who looks before. There is a sense —a very limited sense, no doubt—in which we make our own past. After all, the sense in which we can be said to make our own future is very limited too. Still, the optimist, as we admitted at first, has the best of it. He belongs to the people chosen to be joyful, of whom someone who wrote part of the Prayer Book makes quaint and unselfish mention. He does not need to count his compensations. But the pessimist would be a fool if he forgot his, and chief among them is the quality of his memory. When things are too hard in the present he can trust to his memory to transform them. There is such a thing as looking forward to looking back.

The Spectator.

AMENDING A BILL.

As the drought wore on to its third day I began to perceive that siphoning the pinks with soda-water out of the dining-room window was insufficient to meet the crisis. I rang up the nearest fire-station and told them in my most staccato tones that the garden was being burnt to a cinder and would they please—but they rang off suddenly without making a reply. It was then that I had a bright idea—so bright that the thermometer which was hanging near my head went up two degrees higher still.

"Araminta," I cried (she was out on the lawn tantalizing a rosé-bush with a kind of doll's-house watering-can),—"Araminta, where does one go to get hose?"

Araminta bridled.

"I didn't mean that," I said, hastily coming out of the French-window to explain. "I meant the kind of long wiggly thing you fix on to a tap at one end and it squirts at the other."

She unbridled prettily. "Oh, that!" she said. "Altruage's have them, I suppose. Altruage's have everything. But I shouldn't get one if I were you. I believe they're fearfully expensive, and I'm going to buy a proper watering-can this morning."

My mind, however, was made up. "Expense," I thought, "be irrigated!" I said nothing about it to Araminta, but I decided to act.

* * * * * *

The sun was still blazing with abominable ferocity at half-past twelve when I crossed the threshold of the Taj Mahal Stores and button-holed the first peripatetic marquis I could find.

"I want," I said, mopping my brows with the disengaged hand, "to see some hose."

"Certainly, Sir," he replied with a beaming smile. "For wear on the feet, I presume?"

"Not at all," I replied as coolly as possible. "For shampooing the head."

He looked puzzled.

"I want it to water my pinks with," I explained.

A look of divine condescension overspread his features. "Ah, you require our horticultural department for that, Sir," he said. "Fourth to the left, fifth to the right, and ask again." And with an infinitely horticultured gesture of the hand he motioned me on.

After a long and adventurous Odyssey and fifteen fruitless appeals I sighted a kind of green island shore, where a young man stood in an attitude of *hauteur*, surrounded by a number of pink and gray snakes and brightly colored agricultural machines.

Making my way to him I sank exhausted into a wheel-barrow and murmured my request again.

"About what size is your garden?" he asked me when I had partially recovered.

"Slim," I said, "slim and graceful, but not really tall. *Petite* I believe is the technical term. What sizes have you got in stock?"

"Perhaps about forty yards would do, Sir," he suggested, uncoiling a portion of one of the reptiles at his feet. "I can recommend this as a strong and thoroughly reliable article. Then you will want a union, I suppose, and a brass nozzle and a drum."

"We all want union nowadays so much in everything, don't we?" I agreed pleasantly, "but I'm not so sure about the drum. You see the baby makes a most infernal noise as it is with a——"

He interrupted me to explain the uses of these things. The union, it seemed, was a kind of garter to attach

the hose to the tap, and the drum was where the snake wound itself to sleep at night. "And the little pepper-castor, of course," I said, "is what one puts at the end to make it sneeze. I understand completely. If you will have them all sent round to me to-morrow I will pay on delivery."

* * * * * *

When I got out into the street I found that a great change had taken place. The sky overhead was black with imminent rain. A sharp shower pattered at my heels as I sprinted for the 'bus, and when I disembarked from it the gutters were gurgling with ill-concealed delight. As I walked up the garden I noticed that the majority of the pinks were lying in a drunken stupor upon their beds.

Araminta met me at the door. "Why, you must be wet through," she said. "Go up and change instantly. And aren't you glad now you haven't got a silly old hose after all?"

"I am indeed," I replied.

Whilst I changed I thought deeply, and after dinner I sat down and wrote politely to Messrs. Altruage as follows:

"Mr. Hopkinson regrets that through inadvertence he ordered a quantity of hose this afternoon in Messrs. Altruage's horticultural department instead of their foot-robing studio. If Messrs. Altruage will kindly cancel this order Mr. Hopkinson will call in the morning and select six pairs of woollen socks."

In a climate like ours, I reflected as I posted the letter, there is a good deal to be said for these mammoth stores.

Punch.

ON WORDS AS FOSSIL HISTORY.

Though England, as compared with France and still more with Germany, is deficient in the science of philology, yet we possess in English a store of good works on the philology of our own language, such as those by the late Professors Sweet and Skeat and that popular work "The Romance of Words," by Professor Weekley. But there is still room for a work which shall deal adequately with the science of semantics or semasiology: a knowledge of the steps whereby words change their meaning. It were to be wished that a competent English scholar would produce for us a book on the model of Darmesteter's "Life of Words," written for the benefit of French pupils. One of the most interesting qualities of words is that they are in many cases merely stratified history, and few more interesting tasks can be proposed to the scholar than to track the changing meanings back to their source. Some of the acutest word-craft in this direction has been displayed by the late Professor Jhering in his "Vorgeschichte der Indo-Europäer," in which he goes back to sources far preceding in antiquity those commonly tapped by philologists. His assumption is that many words still exist which point to the habits and customs of our Aryan forefathers, whom he supposes to have migrated in huge masses westward, to have taken perhaps hundreds of years in their migrations, and to have left traces in the language of the nations who successively hived off from the parent stock, of the state of civilization at which they had arrived. He, as an expert in Roman law, looks naturally for his proofs in the Latin language, but it is clear that even in modern languages many words and metaphors exist which carry us back to prehistoric times.

It is agreed by all that the examina-

tion of any language must help us to form an idea of the civilization at the epoch when that language was spoken: thus we know that the Romans were an agricultural people from words like "emolumentum"—payment of the miller's money—an emolument; "salarium"—the quantity of salt given to a laborer for his services—our "salary"; "lira"—a furrow; "delirare"—to go out of the furrow—hence to become delirious. Jhering gathers, from a comparison of the Indo-European languages, that it was not till they had settled down after their migration that the Romans became an agricultural people: there are many words in Latin which seem to show that during the migration they were purely pastoral, and that recollections of many of their habits are embedded in words still existing in Latin. These words had been by the Latins usually associated with religion; but, as a matter of fact, in their origin they were descriptive of nothing but the habits of a primitive people, and were in no way connected with religion. Many words and customs connected with Roman law may be explained in the same way. For instance, the word "nexum" is an obligation incurred by a debtor: the creditor had the right to keep the debtor for sixty days in chains, during which time he publicly exposed his debtor on three "nundinæ," in the hope that some person might release the prisoner by paying his debt. Thus "nexum"—"nectere"—and "obligatio"—"obligare" (to tie up)—express quite simply and literally the fastening up of the debtor in some public place; and "solvere"—to pay a debt—meant, in the first instance, literally to unloose. So that our words, "solvent," "obligation," "attachment for" debt, have a far-reaching history.

"To strike a bargain" recalls the Latin "fœdus ferire," because a victim was struck down on the occasion of making a treaty. Our word "stipend" is from "stips," an ear of corn, and refers to the method of payment among a primitive people. The derivation of the word "pontifex" has been disputed, but it seems probable that its original meaning was the bridge-builders, the earliest and most important engineers among the primitive nations, and it is interesting to notice that the Roman "pons sublicius" was built entirely of wood and fastened solely by wooden clamps; it would seem in memory of the simple wooden bridges of prehistoric times, when the Aryans were traversing Asia at the time of the great migration. "Flamen" (the dean of a Roman temple) meant originally the blower or kindler of a sacrifice. Our word "arable" is from "arare," to plough: but the Sanskrit has retained the primitive meaning of the root (which merely meant to divide) in "aritra," a rudder, and "aritar," a steerer. But the fact that this expression is common to all the daughter Aryan languages in the sense of ploughing shows that they knew the use of the plough before the separation. Our word "letters" (literæ") comes from a root "li," seen in "linea," and means originally smears or marks, daubed probably on to cattle. "Scribere," to scrape, takes us to a later date, like "write" and German "ritzen," when the method of record was scratching words on stone. Our word "pecuniary," like "fee," takes us back to the time when exchange and barter were made by means of cattle. "Mint" and the German "münze" take us back to Roman times, when the Roman treasury was attached to the temple of Moneta, the goddess-counsellor. The word "classic" has its origin in the Servian census, where the "classici" are those who have wealth and position in contrast to the "proletarii," who are not worth consideration. We know that our words "auspices" and "au-

gury" descend from the Latin "auspicium" and "augurium" respectively, and are compounds of "avis," a bird.

But the history of these words, according to modern scholars, can be traced further back than Roman times, viz., to the epoch of the great Aryan migration, when long strings of migratory birds, flying from their winter to their summer quarters, indicated to the wandering Aryans their proper route. "Conjugal" with us conjures up the vision of a comfortable couple more or less happily enduring the marriage yoke, "jugum": it is probable that the original meaning of "conjux" was a person who really and truly shared the yoke of the plough, when the two had to drag the plough over their scanty acres in prehistoric times. A curious reminiscence of those days seems to linger in the Roman formula, "ubi ego Gaius, tu Gaia"—where we are expressly told by a Roman grammarian that the word "Gaius" means originally a ploughing ox.

Sometimes our words and metaphors bring us reminiscences of some pursuit which was once popular, but has now fallen into disuse, like archery and falconry. The names Bowyer and Fletcher (fléchier) are examples of the former: perhaps the most singular instance of the reminiscences of the latter is to be found in to "punch" a ticket—merely a variant of "pounce"; this word is a technical one of the goldsmith's trade, meaning to stamp patterns on metal work. But the word "pounce" is properly applied to the talons of a hawk, and probably is ultimately derived from a Latin form, "punctiare." Shakespeare's "seeling" night comes from the expression "siller le faucon," to sew up its eyelids (cils) in order to prevent it from seeing, and by this method to tame it: "haggard" and "lure" and "allure" are other words taken from the technique of falconry. A most singular word from ornithology is found in the word "dupe," a corruption of "hoopoe," which bird, like the cuckoo, was supposed to be singularly stupid. The French word "truie" takes us back to a Roman pleasantry; the Romans were very fond of roast pork, and one of their favorite dishes was a sucking pig, into whose interior small live birds were inserted by way of joke; so the sow was surnamed Troja, in allusion to the Trojan horse. The word "gêne" goes back to "gehenna"; and one of the most interesting of recent statements is that the word "apple" means the fruit from Abella.

Herbert Strong.

The Academy.

THE TRAMP'S LOT.

Returning recently from a brief holiday, I found myself in the county town not far from where I live, confronted with a choice of two alternatives—either to walk three miles, carrying a bag, or to wait three hours for the next train. It did not take long to decide in favor of the former. The day was delightfully fine, and the bag not too heavy. Taking things easily, I got on for a mile or so comfortably enough. In fact, I had forgotten the existence of the bag, when I was reminded of it by the appearance of a something which is a familiar daily sight upon those level roads, a party of three or four men making their way to the shelter of the Casual Ward of the Union which stands just outside the town I had left. Some idea of asking one of the men to carry the bag began to form dimly at the back of my mind, but before it had time to take shape, it was anticipated by one of them, a gray-haired and re-

spectable, very meek, and hungry-looking man, coming forward and asking, "Would you like someone to carry your bag, sir?" I began to say that I was going in the opposite direction, and it would take him some distance out of his way, but before I could finish the sentence, he had eagerly taken the bag from my not unwilling hands, and turned back with me on my homeward way. Falling into talk, he described the daily routine of the seeker after work in this fashion:—

"I have come from Wisbech to-day—I have walked twenty miles. No; I have eaten nothing since breakfast this morning. Breakfast at Wisbech is half-a-pound of dry bread. In some Unions, Holbeach, for instance, they give you half-a-pint of gruel as well, but these are the exceptions. Wisbech gives dry bread, Lynn gives dry bread only. Breakfast is at seven o'clock—after that you put in your three hours' work before you leave. The late start—at ten o'clock—is a great disadvantage to a man genuinely looking for work. That is no doubt why in some Unions you must stay two nights. You go in one night, do a whole day's work next day, and leave quite early the following morning. The work to be done varies in different places. I did my three hours this morning sawing wood with a circular saw. The usual task is either breaking granite or pounding stone. You are locked in a cell alone with your pile of stone or granite to break or crush; as it is done it is shot out of an opening in the wall. Ten hundredweight of granite is the usual quantity which has to be broken in the day. The worst Union I have heard tell of is Barnsley—there the task is fifteen hundredweight. The stone-breaking is a terrible punishment to a beginner. The first time I ever broke stone was at Doncaster. I said to the porter: 'This is the first time I was ever in one of these places.' He laughed. 'They all tell us that,' he said. I tried to get on with the work, but found I could not do it. My hands were cut and blistered with burst blisters and bleeding. 'I can't do it,' I told the porter. 'You'll get used to it all right,' he said; 'get on with your work.' 'If I go to prison,' I thought, 'it can't be a worse punishment than this,' so I put down the hammer. The porter came again, and I said, 'I suppose I shall go to prison.' 'You certainly will go to prison,' he said. I said, 'I can't help it—prison can't be worse than this.' At dinner-time he came again and said, 'I find this *is* the first time you have been in a casual ward—so, off you go.' I was bundled out without a bit of dinner. The usual dinner for the day's stone-breaking is half-a-pound of bread and an ounce and a-half of cheese. The stone-pounding is done with an iron rammer. Yes, it is very common for men to be sent to prison who are really unable to complete their task. At Dorking, in the South of England, I knew a man get seven days' hard for not pounding his three hundredweight. The greatest quantity that can be required to be pounded is five hundredweight, but at Andover, when the new barracks were being built at Tedworth, so many men came hoping to find work there, that the quantity to be pounded in a day was raised to seven hundredweight to try to keep them out. In the course of three weeks as many as sixty or seventy men went to fourteen or twenty-one days' hard labor for not finishing their allotted task. Many men are really unable to do this work; to spend years on the road in a constant state of starvation wears the inside away. The officials always suspect a man of shamming; sometimes when leave is asked to see a doctor it is refused. I remember a man who said he was ill, and asked to see a doctor—the porter said he was trying to shirk

work. He did his three hours and at ten o'clock was sent off. Towards night of the same day he fell on the road very seriously ill. He had walked twenty-five miles on nothing. It is true that a fuss was made, and the porter got into trouble. But if you do see a doctor, it is a very humane man indeed who will certify that you are unfit for work. It is a great mistake to think the ratepayers keep the likes of us. We more than earn what we get. The fair wage for the three hours' sawing wood on a circular saw, which I have done this morning, is eighteenpence. A man heaping stones on the road gets two and twopence a day. For breaking ten hundredweight of granite we get breakfast and dinner—that is, a pound of bread and an ounce and a half of cheese, and two nights, not on a bed, but on three red rugs over the bare boards. Yes, if they would let you, I would rather sleep outdoors almost any night than in one of those places. But sleeping out may mean a month's hard. In some places you have to apply at the police station for a ticket before they will take you into the casual ward. The rule sometimes is you must apply before nine o'clock at night. That is the case at Gloucester. I had walked one day from Chippenham to Gloucester, thirty-two miles, with nothing inside me. I got to Gloucester Police Station at five minutes past nine. I asked the sergeant for a ticket. 'After nine,' he said. 'No tickets here to-night!' 'What am I to do, sir?' I asked. 'I have walked thirty-two miles—I am exhausted. I am ready to drop.' 'Nothing to me what you do,' he said. 'If you don't give me the ticket,' I said, 'I must go out and beg, and then I shall get into trouble.' 'You'll get into no trouble through me,' he said. 'Do what you like, but it's past nine o'clock, and you'll get no ticket here.' I went out, and stood in the street—I could hardly stand—and a gentleman came and spoke to me. After he had asked me a few questions, he gave me the price of a night's lodging. No, sir, nobody would take up tramping for the love of a lazy life. You go hungry on the road all day—you durst not beg; you are had up at once for begging. Many do beg, and get scraps of food of all sorts, but I never take the risk. I don't want to be locked up. I never have been yet. Nine out of every ten men on the road, in my experience, are genuinely looking for work, and unable to find it. We're treated like dogs, sir—like dogs!"

We had now come to our journey's end, and my companion received his recompense, and went on his way with gladness. His artless tale, which is set down here just as he told it, with no attempt at embellishment, opened a wide field for reflection. I thought of that savagery toward the destitute poor which has been displayed by the English propertied classes ever since the Tudors. The mind goes back to the Reformation statute, which enacted that vagrants should be "whipped till their bodies were bloody by reason of said whipping." In church-wardens' books of accounts from the Reformation to the middle of the eighteenth century you may read such entries as: "To whipping a man and his wife with their children, vagrants"; "to whipping a female vagrant, a child, aged fifteen"; "to examining the woman who was to be whipped, to see if she were pregnant"; "to whipping them that had the small pox." All these entries are quoted in "Chambers's Book of Days." In this tradition the English respectable classes have gone on, the rector and the churchwardens, the squire, the farmer, the tradesman, the Guardians, the whole tribe of Bumble, to this day. "Them's what we've got to keep," the fine old rosy English farmer will exclaim from his dogcart, pointing his whip at

two wretched pallid figures slinking noiselessly along the side of the road. Ardent aspirations after the cat as a means of dealing with them are again and again ejaculated by good-hearted young fellows, themselves kindness itself in all the ordinary relations of life. No one need beg, it is trimphantly said, and no one need starve, because there is always food and shelter at the Union. Where I live, one sees continually, literally every day, droves of captives, led off by the police, shackled together in threes. They are charged, mostly with begging, sometimes with sleeping out, or similar offences. The police scour the long roads on bicycles, securing these captives, for whose conviction they get a shilling a head. What one is always told is that they beg on purpose to be sent to prison, which is their true home and refuge. The truth is that they beg because they are hungry. Many of them, no doubt, will not work; but let us in charity remember how often the reason is simply that they cannot. I myself recollect a hopeless loafer, whom we all loudly condemned. He at last deserted his wife and young children and went off on tramp, to the general indignation. A few days later he was found dead on the road. The anger of the deserted wife was intense when she heard that the body had been crammed into a coffin too small for it.

Well, I came from these thoughts into my own room, where I found a table covered with a week's letters, newspapers, and books. Among the latter was one called "Vagabonds in Périgord," by Mr. H. H. Bashford (Constable), which I spent the evening in reading. Here were adventures different from the listless, monotonous pacing of the long roads from Union to Union, hostelries of the South welcoming their pilgrims otherwise than the Workhouse does, meals, with their trout and omelettes and what not, how different from the crust of bread, or the basin of gruel, or the ounce of cheese by which the English vagrant's body and soul is barely kept together. Will any who may read these lines, and who, from time to time themselves enjoy such wanderings, remember that, at the outside, a florin will snatch one of these poor devils from this Purgatory for one night?

Curé de Campagne.

The Nation.

ASPARAGUS.

At about twenty-one minutes past two to-day I suddenly saw that asparagus is the secret of aristocracy. I was trying to put a long, limp stalk into my mouth; when the idea came into my head; and the stalk failed to do so. I do not refer to any merely metaphorical and superficial comparisons which could easily be made between them. We might say that most of the organism was left dead white, merely that a little button at the top might be bright green. We might draw the moral that average aristocrats are made out much stronger than they are; and illustrate it from average asparagi. They say any stick is good enough to beat a dog with: but did any one ever try to beat a dog with a stick of asparagus? We might draw the moral that aristocratic traditions are made out much more popular than they really were. "Norman" gets mispronounced as English. In this way three French leopards were somehow turned into three British Lions. And in this way also the solemn word Asparagus, which means nothing so far as I know, was turned by the populace into "sparrowgrass," which means two of the

most picturesque things in the world. Asparagus, which I presume to have been the name of a Roman proconsul, Marcus Asparagus Esculens, or what not, never deserved such luck as to lose its origin in two things so true and common as the bold birds of the town or the green democracy of the fields. Or, again, we might say of sticks of asparagus that they have often lost their heads: and we might say the same of aristocrats. Both heads have been bitten off by the guillotine before now. But to complete the parallel we must maintain that the head of the aristocrat was the best part of him: and this is often hard to maintain. But, indeed, I do not base the view upon any such fancies from phraseology. Far deeper in earth are the roots of asparagus.

The one essential of an aristocracy is to be in advance of its age. That is, there must be something new known to a few. There must be a pass-word: and it must always be a new pass-word. Moreover, it must be, by its nature, an irrational pass-word; for anything quite rational might rapidly be calculated even by the uninitiated. If a pass-word were always "God save the King" it might be guessed even by the murderers of the King. It is precisely because the pass-word is probably "Pinkerton" or something of the kind, that it is any use as a pass-word. In the same way, it is essential to any social observance that involves a social distinction, that the observance should be, in this sense at least, artificial. That is, you can only know the observance as the soldier knows the pass-word; because he has been *told*.

The working instance best known to us of the middle classes is the old arbitrary distinction about how to eat asparagus. Now, excluding cannibalism and the habit of eating sand (about which I can offer no opinion) there is really nothing one can eat which is less fitted to be eaten with the fingers than asparagus. It is long; it is greasy; it is loose and liable to every sort of soft yet sudden catastrophe; it is always eaten with some sort of oily sauce; and its nice conduct would involve the powers of a professional juggler combined with some practice in climbing the greasy pole. Most things could easily be eaten with one's fingers. Cold beef could quite easily be eaten with one's fingers; or simply with one's teeth. I have seldom seen a noble cheese without an impulse merely to fix my fangs in it. New potatoes could be eaten with the fingers as cleanly as Easter eggs; and whitebait might as well be shovelled into our open mouths by a Whitebait Machine, for all the use we make of a knife and fork to dissect them. We could easily eat fish-cakes as we eat seed-cake. Cold Christmas pudding is a substance with all the majesty of colored marble; far cleaner, stronger and more coherent than any ordinary bread or biscuit. Yet all these we are supposed to approach through the intervention of a little stunted sword or a stumpy trident. Only this one tiresome, toppling vegetable, I eat between my finger and thumb. I should be better off as a giraffe eating the top of a palm tree: it doesn't want any holding up.

We will not exaggerate. Eating soup with the fingers the young student should not attempt; and sauces, custards and even curries are no field for the manual laborer. I would not eat stewed rhubarb with my fingers: or, indeed, with any instrument that science could devise. Even with things involving treacle, I have not a good touch. But, while strictly avoiding anything like exaggeration or frivolity, I still note that the point of asparagus is that it is *not* the food—among other foods, specially fitted for the fingers. In other words, the principle could not have been deduced from abstract rea-

son or have grown out of the general instincts of men. It could not have been custom: that is why it was etiquette.

The brotherhood of men is a fact: which in the long run wears down all other facts. If the world goes on long enough, the fine gentleman must be sea-sick, the Theosophist must sit on a tin-tack, the Superman must fall over a hassock. Therefore, aristocracies cannot afford to be conservative. Once an aristocracy has started custom,—a human thing,—it may become everybody's custom: the custom will remain but the aristocracy will vanish. There is a very exact social truth, which I commend to our Temperance Reformers, in the old English phrase "drunk as a lord." But, after all, any plain humble commoner, who has the drink, can even be as drunk as a lord. Human things, like drunkenness, cannot be kept as secrets from humanity. Therefore, a privileged class, if it would avoid sliding naturally back into the body of mankind, must keep up an incessant excitement about new projects, new cultures, new prophets, new skirts and stockings. It must tell a new tale every day or perish; like the lady of the Arabian Nights. Tennyson, who was too much touched with this aristocratic — or snobbish — Futurism wrote "Lest one good custom should corrupt the world": which really means, lest everybody should learn the right way of eating asparagus. And so, out of luxury and waste and weariness, the fever they call Progress came into the world.

Do you tell me they don't eat asparagus with their fingers now? Do I not know that in some of the best houses they have little tongs for each person, which are charming? Have I not heard that asparagus is now lowered into the open mouth on a string, or shot into the mouth with a small gun, or eaten with the toes, or not eaten at all? No; I do not know, that is what I wish to point out. They have changed the pass-word.

G. K. Chesterton.

The New Witness.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Julia Darrow Cowles's "The Art of Story-Telling" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) is in two parts: the first filled with suggestions regarding the place of story-telling in the home and the school, and the second furnishing a collection of fifty or more stories of various kinds, all ready for the telling. The author is full of enthusiasm for her subject and she has had a large experience in diverting the child mind with stories; and both her enthusiasm and her experience enter into this book in full measure.

"Letters from a Living Dead Man" (Mitchell Kennerley) purport to be actual communications from beyond the grave, "written down" by Elsa Barker, who prefaces them with something like an affidavit attesting their genuineness. Regarded as fiction, they do not approach in beauty or delicacy Miss Phelps's "The Gates Ajar" or Mrs. Oliphant's "The Little Pilgrim"; upon a mind capable of regarding them as fact, it is hopeless to conjecture what impression they might make.

The problem which Professor Herbert Alden Youtz has set himself in the series of essays which he groups under the general title "The Enlarging Con-

ception of God" (The Macmillan Co.) he defines in his Introduction as "the problem of method in thinking or interpreting religious truth so that the heart shall be satisfied without scandalizing the mind; and the mind shall be satisfied without starving the heart." That this is by no means a simple problem will be readily admitted by all who are familiar with the prevailing religious unrest; but the title of Professor Youtz's book gives the key to its solution, for it is surely through an enlarged and not through a reduced conception of God that the way lies. Professor Youtz's purpose is sincere and constructive; and his discussion of fundamental religious problems is tempered by a sympathetic realization of present-day needs.

"The Tower of the Mirrors," by Vernon Lee, takes its title from the first of its thirty-five brief "essays on the spirit of places." They are the records of a tireless seeker after impressions, sensitive films on which evanescent aspects of unfamiliar places have registered themselves in delicate chiaroscuro. There are images of towns and skies and churches as nervous and as fine-spun as Whistler's etchings; sketches of moods as clear and as cool, though not so powerful, as Masefield's and stray passages that stand out against their polished, silvery background with the human warmth of a daguerreotype. There is no banality and no straining after effect; no paragraph is cheapened by any of its sentences, and no sentence by any of its words. Yet it is a restless book. There is a reaching after emotion, and a sense of discomfort at failing to attain it,—perhaps no more than a bee feels at having probed an empty flower, yet clouding the reader's delight. Subtle appreciation fails as a substitute for enthusiasm; the pathos of a disembodied haunting of rare scenes grows depressing. One thinks of a weathervane, high on its steeple, able to look down on the world but lifted forever above it, half regretful, half content, wavering in the gentle zephyrs that blow upon it, pointing deftly with a silver finger now to emotional north and now to emotional south. John Lane Company.

The truly good boy is as dead in fiction as little Eva, or Thomas Carlyle's borough of Chelsea, or Nineveh and Tyre, but the bad boy may be found in a flourishing condition in Judge Henry Shute's "The Misadventures of Three Good Boys (but not such very good boys)." The jacket shows the three in an especially characteristic demonstration, but one is shorn of part of his cheek, which is a pity. The frontispiece displays it in its normal state at meal-times, distended as by the mumps. The portraits of the three fathers of Plupy, Beany and Pecot, the three "Boys," head the preface, and their appearance accounts for the behavior of their sons. Judge Shute vouches for the portraits, and they are so correct in costume that one suspects the ambrotype of the period as being their original. No artist less accurate than the sun could have made them. As for the text, he who would know the New England boy in the day when clothes were expensive, and were not bestowed upon small boys in embarrassing quantities, should read of the various ways in which he wore and tore them. Also of the places into which he took them, and of the conversations which he and his parents held over them. It may be that the boys are rather above the average boy in cleverness. But they get their "come-upances" when necessary, and stupid boys are interesting only to school-masters desirous of elevating their minds. Plupy and Beany and Pecot interest school-masters in a very

different way, and to other citizens, Mr. Trulygood excepted, they will be found in all ways attractive. Sears Gallagher's pictures confirm the text in every detail. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mary Antin's "They Who Knock At Our Gates" might have been published as an epilogue to "The Promised Land," an analysis of our duties to the alien souls whose hunger for the opportunities we have to offer was portrayed so vividly in the earlier book. Mrs. Grabau propounds three questions and discusses them in turn:—"First: Have we any right to regulate immigration? Second: What is the nature of our present immigration? Third: Is immigration good for us?" In spite of the high vision which fills her answers, it is difficult to accept them as complete, or as wholly practical. Is it not, for instance, a sentimental evasion of grave responsibilities to answer the first question by a citation of the principles of the Declaration of Independence? Is it not an unjustifiable exaggeration, in discussing the second, to rank the unskilled, economically dependent laborers who wield picks and shovels in our streets and along our railways with the sturdy, self-reliant men who swung their axes and drove their plows on our frontier? And must we not demonstrate the probability, as well as the mere possibility, of assimilation before we commit ourselves to admitting all those who knock? And, finally, has not the day of effectiveness as propaganda of the impassioned, metaphorical style in which Mrs. Grabau writes gone past? Yet, these technicalities once disposed of, what remains is pure gold. Like "The Promised Land," its greatest value lies in its testimony to the flood of unquenchable idealism which is pouring into the country through the gates of Ellis Island. Its value as a leavener of the social lump, as an indicator of the paths of further progress is immeasurable. A sentence like "Said a bedraggled Jewish mother to her little boy who had affronted his teacher, 'Don't you know teachers is holy?'" is worth more than pages of perfect argument. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The survivors of the Civil War, and their descendants, should be grateful to the fate which took Mr. Gamaliel Bradford from fiction, and bestowed him upon history. His latest volume, "Confederate Portraits," worthily continues his life work. The "Portraits" are those of Johnston, Stuart, Longstreet, Beauregard, Benjamin, Stephens, Toombs and Semmes. A chapter on "The Battle of Gettysburg," is the historical climax, and is so treated that it rises above the others, although written for a magazine intended for youth. In giving Semmes a place among the "portraits," Mr. Bradford displays admirable skill in arranging an anti-climax. Semmes completely looked the pirate but there is no denying that the real man frightened the Northern civilians very thoroughly. As for the others, Stuart died at the moment that a playwright or an artist might have chosen. Like Dundee, he "would rather die unsullied than outlive the land's disgrace," and he had but one day of pain before he passed on to his reward. If Mr. Bradford condemns the hero of the sea, he sees only venial faults in the land-fighters. As for Toombs and Stephens Mr. Bradford has read his Scott to such good purpose that a lawyer becomes attractive under his manipulation, and an orator and a legislator takes the place which he should hold. The book is a handsome quarto with uncut leaves and has a good index. A chronology preceding each chapter is a valuable aid to reference. Houghton Mifflin Company.